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—NEWMAN CRYER



## C *hrist driving the traders from the Temple*





El Greco (1541-1614). Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, The National Gallery, London.





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—John Wesley (1703-1791)

# Together®

For Methodist Families / April 1968



**After-Hour Jottings . . .** "I think it is an amazing piece of artistry, and feel that TOGETHER should be interested in recognizing this wonderful endeavor of local talent, which was expended as a work of love and donated to the church."

So wrote Mr. Hubert E. Tanis of Scotia, N.Y., some five years ago, telling us about what turns out to be **this month's cover**. He noticed the beautiful carved doors, he said, "while passing through the Adirondacks late this summer . . ."

We were interested in learning that the doors are the work of Mr. **Carroll C. Coolidge**, lay leader of the church—Whiteface Methodist, Wilmington, N.Y.—and that he has done additional work of this type inside the church. And you will notice, on pages 34 to 42, that the doors tie in with the theme of this month's color pictorial, *Symbols of Our Faith*.

A magazine is made up of many more people than are listed as staff members,

(Continued on page 4)

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## JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 3)

and some contributors, we note, are as interesting as the articles they submit. Take **Barbara Goodheart** (her honest-to-goodness name) who is author of *A Model Approach to Sex Education* [page 47]. When we asked her to tell us something about herself, she replied:

"My claim to fame seems to be thorough research on my article writing, above and beyond the call of duty.

"Last month, when I was writing an article on the common cold, I happened to catch a very nasty cold virus and was out of commission for almost a month.

"Last week I began work on an article on rubella [German measles]. Yesterday morning I looked in the mirror—and guess what! Red spots. Yup—German measles!"

Mrs. Goodheart, who lives in Deerfield, Ill., is the wife of a physician, the mother of three children, has written extensively in the field of biology, and tells us she has resolved "to avoid writing articles about quite a few subjects, including all diseases to which I am not immune . . ."

Mrs. Goodheart's name fascinates us as much as **Ewart A. Autry's** address: Whippoorwill Valley, Hickory Flat, Miss. Mr. Autry, author of that moving account of a boyhood experience, *The Old Hitching Tree* [page 25], is a Baptist minister. And as a minister, called upon to preach many funerals, he relates an incident that happened to him several years ago.

"I received a telegram which said: 'Come hold Joe Poff's funeral . . .' I left home in plenty of time, but had two flats and arrived late. The burying was over, but they insisted I go into the church and preach the funeral anyway . . ."

"So I began to preach Joe Poff's funeral. After I had spoken for about 10 minutes, I happened to look to my extreme right, and there sat Joe! . . ."

As it turned out, one word was missing from the telegram, thus all the confusion. It should have read, "Come hold Joe Poff's baby's funeral . . ."

We don't often give special mention here to our *Small Fry* contributors. But because **John's Special Day** [page 68] is by one of the very few men whose by-lines have appeared on the children's pages, we think you'd like to know that **Dr. Martin Tonn** is director of special education at Minnesota's Moorhead State College.

Another contributor to this issue happens to be a staff member who works next door to us. When **Martha Lane** returned from Atlanta, where she worked on *Single Girls in the City* [page 53-59], we wanted to know how she and Picture Editor **George P. Miller** singled out the subjects.

Martha tells us that initial contacts were made through (1) a YWCA representative, (2) the personnel managers of several businesses, (3) two youth ministers, (4) one night minister, and (5) several housemothers at "homes for working

girls." Also interviewed was Miss Jo Faddis, whose work with hospitalized children was featured in our November, 1966, issue.

Finally, in Atlanta, Miss Lane "narrowed the subjects down to five or six possibilities. Then we chose two of them—room-mates—and followed them around for a whole weekend."

Last we heard from **Bruce M. Wilkinson**, who wrote *Old Parsonage, New Role* [page 31], he was a staff member of the *Denver Post's Empire* magazine. Like most newspapermen, who never quite become used to the color, change, and excitement of their jobs, Mr. Wilkinson has a favorite story-behind-the-story of his own.

While working for a newspaper in Baker, Oreg., back in 1960, he "drove the 45 miles up to Granite (a gold-mining ghost town) to interview what turned out to be the town's sole resident . . . and then went up into the hills to look for the only other year-around resident, a recluse who'd recently moved out of Granite."

Mr. Wilkinson didn't find his man that afternoon, but later that night drove out to the place with a summertime resident of Granite.

"It was getting late, there were no lights on, and my companion warned me the man had a police dog. Finally we woke him up, and he proved agreeable to being interviewed. That interview, made with the aid of a kerosine lamp, of the scraggly haired mountaineer sitting on his four-poster bed with his shoes unlaced and his dog at hand, probably was something of a high point of my career . . ."

Of such moments, golden or otherwise, is memory composed. A fleeting glimpse of a small child, running toward you from under an apple tree . . . that fraction of a second when your daughter's radiant face turns toward you at the church door . . . an old man, who had turned his back upon the world, welcoming a stranger at his door.

Is it not true that, of all the God-given traits of man, memory is one of the most precious?

—Your Editors

### ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—William C. Coughlin • Second Cover—*Christ Driving the Traders From the Temple* by El Greco—Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, The National Gallery, London • Page 3—William C. Coughlin • 5-6—William L. White • 10—U.S. Army Photo • 18—Church World Service • 26—Trevor Hancock • 27 L.—Duane Davis, R.—Wide World Photos • 28—Doug Fulton • 31 Bruce M. Wilkinson • 72—Stephen T. Whitney • 75—Robert L. Walker • 34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-47-49-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-76—Third Cover—George P. Miller.

Inadvertently omitted from the March, 1968, Illustration Credits were: Page 60—George P. Miller • 62—Robert L. Sands • 65 Top and Bot.—Religious News Service, Cen.—Minneapolis Tribune.—Editors



## *The Church in Action*

# Peace in the Valley... But Can It Last?

By WILLMON L. WHITE



*Migrant minister Ed Krueger, who works at community organization in the Rio Grande Valley for the Texas Council of Churches, talks with a Mexican-American colonia leader.*

THE TEXAS Rio Grande Valley will not soon forget the year 1967. First, a labor union dispute exploded, setting Anglo against Mexican-American, poor against the powerful, farm worker against grower. Into the struggle came union organizers, Texas Rangers, a U.S. Senate investigating subcommittee, and the Texas Migrant Ministry.

Then came Hurricane Beulah, lashing across south Texas. In its destructive wake, flood-producing rains spread the Rio Grande River across miles of rich farmland. Tens of thousands were left homeless and hungry, and the valuable winter crops were virtually wiped out along with the jobs for already destitute Mexican-American migrant workers.

Churches were put to a severe test in both social action and relief work. I went home to Texas early this year to find out how they managed.

When you fly into the lower Rio Grande Valley, you enter a domain that even few Texans understand—including those, perhaps, who call it home. Texas is conservative in most respects and you can prefix that with an “ultra” for the semitropical four-county area at the state’s toe. The National Council of Churches and the Texas Council of Churches are four-word cusswords and local Methodists are not always comfortable with their denomination’s social stance.

The Texas Council has worked with migrant workers for four decades, mostly in noncontroversial projects. But when an ill-fated farm worker strike started in mid-1966, Migrant Ministry Director Leo D. Nieto began planning what was hoped would be a ministry of reconciliation between workers and growers. Last summer, Mr. Nieto, a member of the Spanish-speaking Rio Grande Methodist Conference, sent the Rev. Edgar Krueger into the valley to minister to the workers. Somehow, the projected second member of the team—who would work with growers—never materialized. Partly for this reason, the Texas Migrant Ministry has been, in most minds, identified almost entirely with efforts to unionize farm labor.

The drive to organize valley farm workers was a spin-off from the Delano, Calif., grape strike, where Cesar

Chavez and the AFL-CIO-affiliated United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) forced grower corporations to the bargaining table. Like Delano, the Texas movement is part labor union, part civil-rights campaign, and part religious crusade. But the Texas strike has fizzled because of weak organization, premature action, and inability to stop the flow of Mexican field hands from across the Rio Grande.

Union leaders blame the Texas Rangers for breaking the strike and making sure the melons of the large La Casita Farm and others were harvested and shipped to market on schedule. The Rangers were sent to Rio Grande City and Starr County when violence threatened, and—according to union leaders—used unnecessary force and even brutality in enforcing Texas’ stringent labor laws.

Among court cases still pending are law suits filed by the union and the Texas Council of Churches against the Rangers after migrant minister Krueger, his wife, and a union worker allegedly were mistreated during an arrest in Rio Grande City last June; there were 130 arrests in all.

The Texas strike knew a moment of glory in 1966 when striking migrants marched from Rio Grande City to Austin to dramatize the economic plight of agricultural laborers and to demand a \$1.25 an hour state minimum wage. The two-month, 500-mile protest march drew support from some clergy and churches (mostly Roman Catholic), the Texas Council of Churches, and Latin-American groups.

“High noon” for the labor-management showdown came during the melon harvest last summer. Rio Grande City is a dusty little town (population 6,000) with more than enough sun, silence, and adobe to pass for the set of a TV western. It is county seat for Starr County, where per capita annual income is one of the lowest in Texas and 17th poorest in the nation. Ninety-five percent of county residents are Mexican-Americans, and most depend on farm labor for income. Although UFWOC No. 2 claimed it had 3,000 members and 50 to 75 striking families, it hardly made a dent in the melon harvest.

On the heels of the labor agitation came the hurricane and floods. The disaster helped heal some of the wounds





Kindergarten at a Spanish-speaking Methodist church helps Latin youngsters acquire language skills to compete with Anglo first-graders. At right: clothing is distributed at the Methodist-sponsored center in Pharr.

opened by the strike, thinks the Rev. Hector Gonzales, pastor of the Methodist Church in Rio Grande City, which is 70 percent Mexican-American and 30 percent Anglo.

"When Beulah hit," he says, "it made us realize we're all in this together and we needed to understand each other better. In Mexico, you know, rich and poor don't associate much. After the storm we had them sleeping side by side in our sanctuary. They found out they had a lot in common." The church served more than 500 storm victims.

Similarly, migrant ministry work in the valley recently has concentrated on relief work through the Valley Service Committee center in Donna, where 900 families have been served. As part of the effort, Leo Nieto led a disaster-relief survey of 200 Protestant churches on the Mexican side of the border last fall.

Another recent phase of the Texas Council of Churches' work in response to the valley dispute has been sponsorship and participation in various seminars and consultations. Some efforts have been made to bring together growers, workers, and church leaders to thrash out problems.

The Texas Migrant Ministry's main thrust, however, is community-organization work among Mexican-American poor in the valley by Ed Krueger and a second migrant minister, Nehemias Garcia, who joined him early this year.

In McAllen, I looked up Ed Krueger, a quiet spoken, quick-smiling United Church of Christ minister whose wife is the daughter of a Rio Grande Conference Methodist pastor and directs a federally sponsored Head-Start center in Pharr. His 1959 Rambler wasn't running and he seemed embarrassed as we cruised through several migrant shantytowns (called *colonias*) in my spanking-new rental car. He spoke greetings in

fluent Spanish, and stopped here and there to pass out leaflets announcing meetings.

He explained that there are 80 to 100 of these unincorporated *colonias* in the lower valley and conjectured that the poverty here is as severe as any in the country—some of it as bad as in nearby Mexico.

Most of these slum clusters are run-down and unspeakably filthy, reeking of poor sanitation and disease. Roads leading to them are dusty and rutted. One-room huts built of junkyard materials may house 8, 10, or 15 people. Some have no running water, and none has sewage disposal. This is the home of the valley migrant worker when he isn't following the harvest.

We drove past one *colonia* which is considered first class. For about \$1,000, an Anglo real-estate developer is offering the Mexican-American a 24 by 24-foot house on a tiny lot. As a sales come-on, there is an outdoor toilet painted to match the house. Water is piped in, but it's salty, so the people have organized to try to get a fresh-water well drilled.

That night Ed and Esther Krueger took me to the first meeting of a new *colonia* organization. ("Don't wear fancy clothes," he said, so I put on a sports shirt and scuffed the shine from my shoes in the roadside dust.) All 12 members of the board of directors showed up. The project at hand was the distribution of emergency food supplies from church agencies, and the people themselves had recently surveyed *colonia* needs.

"There's been no work since Beulah and there probably won't be until March or April," Mrs. Krueger told me as she translated the proceedings into English. Some of the fields were under water for two months and could not be drained and dried in time for planting; the winter crop loss was devastating to workers and growers.

I listened during the two hours for the word *huelga* (Spanish for strike) but never caught it. And I kept watching for the paternalistic attitude which one Methodist pastor told me Ed Krueger used in dealing with the migrants. I saw no sign of it.

Mr. Krueger has made progress in setting up community organization in more than 25 *colonias*. "It's great to see these people take leadership who have never been in any organization outside the family," he said. "If the farm worker's lot is going to change significantly for the better, they will have to do it for themselves." Community organizations, he went on, will bring farm workers together and help them deal with their problems—with school boards, county officials, water, roads, sewage, and the simple lack of money for food and medical care.

Early this year, Ed was somewhat heartened by what he termed a new spirit of openness and co-operation following the bitter strike and the shared disaster of the storm. Some Anglos, especially ministers, showed more respect for migrants after getting to know *colonia* leaders, he said. And the emerging Mexican-American leadership is eager to get to meet the people who are supposed to represent them in government, especially since 1968 is an election year.

Before leaving, I asked Ed if there would be a strike this summer. "That," he said somberly, "is the big question."

Methodist Pastor Hector Gonzales predicts there will be more labor agitation but believes it will be less explosive than last summer. A big barrel of a man who is chairman of the local ministerial association, Gonzales was a key figure in keeping tempers in check last summer.

The key labor figure in Rio Grande City now is Gilbert Padilla, national UFWOC vice-president and highly re-





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## this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

Broadcasting and Film Commission  
National Council of Churches

THE BAND of flying monster-men swoops down closer. Disaster seems certain for the boy and girl seeking to escape. Pulses pound. Adrenaline surges. Blood vessels constrict and digestive processes stop. Across America millions of children are prepared for fight or flight, but nobody stirs. Eyes remain glued to the TV screen.

Saturday morning's "cartoon ritual" is in full swing and the viewers are the real victims. Studies say that children raised in loving homes are not unduly affected by television. I have even referred to the studies here. But after watching Saturday-morning offerings, I can only conclude that what the studies really mean is that such children may be less-scathed survivors than their less-fortunate fellows.

Some will argue that children's literature has always been scary, or that children need the vicarious emotional release such programs provide. It is a long jump from that to saying the Saturday-morning marathon of ogres, mad scientists, robots, and other forms of distilled evil is either decent literature or healthy diet for any child.

A society which can tolerate the kind of perverted nonsense poured into the minds of its children can also believe that, if you wipe out enough bad guys in the ghetto or in the suburbs or in government or in some foreign land, everything will be all right.

Pity the poor church-school leader who teaches Christianity's good news of reconciliation. How, in one hour a week or less, is she to counteract the many hours which proclaim that there are, indeed, bad guys (who aren't like us) and the only way to deal with them is through violence and death? Any talk about God's love and Christ's works of redemption will fall on stony ground.

Jesus said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." It seems to me network programmers and sponsors are say-

ing to us Saturday mornings, "Forbid not your little children to come unto us, and we will make them suffer. We will fill their imaginations with prehistoric demons and monsters; we will teach them that law and order can be maintained only with the aid of superheroes; we will indoctrinate them with lies about the true nature of men and of society."

Is there anything parents can do? Absolutely. First, next Saturday morning watch a concentrated batch of cartoon shows and note the quality of each episode and who the sponsors are. Then write to your local station and to the sponsor, letting each know candidly how you feel. And henceforth, monitor your family's Saturday-morning viewing.

While you are writing, feel free to commend anything which you feel merits praise.

Meanwhile, you may find some of the following to be oases, too:

March 17, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—Children's Film Festival, *The Boy and the Blind Bird*.

March 17, 10-11 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Travels with Charlie*.

March 18, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*The World of the Actor*.

March 22, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus.

March 24, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Children's Films, *Hand in Hand*.

March 26, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*How Life Begins*.

March 29, 9:30-11 p.m., EST on NBC—Hallmark's *Give Us Barabbas*.

April 1, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Scientist*, first show in new series titled *Man and His Universe*.

April 6, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*Charlie Brown's All Stars*.

April 8, 9:30-10 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Great Mating Game—The World of Singles*.

April 12, 10-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*Special on Alcoholism*.

April 14, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Bell Telephone Hour Special: *Going to Bethlehem* (Bach festival in Bethlehem, Pa.). □

spected in Latin-American legal circles. "Nobody can say anything about Gilbert," says Pastor Gonzales. "He doesn't go out much for the headlines. I say this: the people in my church know the union is here to stay and that someday farm workers will be unionized, but it will be a respectable union."

In McAllen, I spent a day with two articulate, progressive-minded Methodist district superintendents—the Rev. Sam Fore of the Southwest Texas Conference and the Rev. Ted Grout of the Rio Grande Conference. They took fierce exception to charges that valley churches have been callous and impervious to the social and economic problems of the area.

Mr. Fore outlined some positive expressions of Methodist social concern in the valley: rapidly increasing numbers of planned parenthood centers; formation of adult literacy classes; and a quarter of a million dollars worth of charity work for Mexican-American poor at the Methodist Hospital in Weslaco over the past six years. He also mentioned Methodist-supported community centers at Pharr and Brownsville which offer classes, work projects, recreation, and creative activity for all age groups.

The centers owe their existence to the Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, but more and more local churches now are supporting them. "In the last couple of years," Mr. Fore explained, "we've seen an intensified concern and activity on the part of local-church commissions, part of an awakening social consciousness that we must do a great deal more in improving the life of economically depressed people."

Mr. Grout talked about Spanish-speaking Methodist churches which operate preschool kindergartens—35 of them in Texas and Mexico. These are similar to Head-Start programs, but predate them by 15 years.

The valley furor is part of a larger statewide and national problem of dealing with migratory farm labor, Mr. Grout believes. In drawing national attention to valley needs, the strike attempt, he feels, has had the effect of helping make federal anti-poverty funds available for the depressed region—funds which will make less effective the union's complaint that people are starving in Starr County. Meanwhile, he adds, industry is looking toward the valley with increased interest; one clothing manufacturer may move in and would employ 600 persons. Mr. Grout commended the program of a large aircraft firm in moving Mexican-Americans to Dallas and training them for good jobs.



District Superintendent Fore points out that the problems of the grower are sometimes overlooked. "We should have more concern for wages and working conditions of the laboring class, but also demonstrate concern for better marketing and stable income for the farmer who has a lot invested, runs great risks, and has little protection. The churches shouldn't take the labor union's point of view and ignore the problems faced by growers. We've got to understand the problems of both to bring a better economy and a better life."

It is true that the farmer is in a bind. More and more small and marginal growers in the valley are giving up to become bitter spectators as the huge farm factories race to mechanize their operations before the union gains strength. With increased cost of production, unstable prices, and the added hazards of weather, the smaller grower cannot miss many crops without going bankrupt.

Though farmers are fighting it, church agencies and others concerned with migrant labor problems are pushing Congress to include agricultural workers under the National Labor Relations Act. Agricultural interests argue for no change, fearing that their

labor supply would be cut off and that with collective bargaining, unionized workers could blackmail the grower with unreasonable demands at the critical moment for harvesting highly perishable crops.

Advocates for the obviously powerless farm workers, however, feel that protecting the farm worker under national labor laws finally would recognize his basic human right to a fair wage and adequate working conditions—and, above all, would give him the dignity of helping shape his own destiny.

After exposure to this struggle in Texas, I came away convinced that it is impossible to tell the villains from the good guys. Talking to union organizers, farm workers, large and small growers, and church leaders of

ten caught in the cross fire, one comes to believe there are fair, reasonable, and honest men among all these groups. One reporter wrote of the valley: "To the outside observer, the issues sometimes shimmer disconcertingly, elusive as the outline of a distant tree in the valley's searing sun."

Are more labor troubles ahead? Cesar Chavez and other UFWOC leaders have indicated they will beef up their staff in the valley, and spread their organizing efforts to the entire lower valley. As for a strike this summer, most observers believe Chavez wants to solidify his position in California before tackling Texas.

*There will be peace in the valley someday . . .* goes the old country-western tune. The Rio Grande Valley is peaceful now. Can it last? □

## NEGRO METHODISTS SEEK 'BLACK POWER'

A new organization of Negro Methodists has affirmed the search for "black power" and will challenge the new United Methodist Church to remove racism in all forms at all levels.

Called Black Methodists for Church Renewal, the group was voted into being at Cincinnati by 250 delegates of an *ad hoc* national committee of

clergy and lay Negro Methodists. The Rev. James M. Lawson of Memphis, Tenn., will head up a 44-member board of directors.

Black power was defined as "a call for black people in this country to unite, to recognize their heritage, to build a sense of community . . . [and] the development and utilization of the

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haunted  
by the  
shadow  
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gifts of black men for the good of black men and the whole nation."

The black-power document was one of six papers developed in working groups closed to whites. "When we affirm and embrace our Blackness," it stated, "we are acknowledging what God has done and no longer wear our Blackness as a stigma but as a blessing."

The statement charges that Methodism has failed institutionally and spiritually by denying the Negro's right to self-determination, frustrated his quest for self-realization, and "failed in every respect to see the black man as a child of God."

The black-power paper proposes that black Methodists mobilize their spiritual, intellectual, economic, social and political resources to exert the necessary influence and/or pressure upon the Methodist power structure on all levels to bring about change, renewal, and racial inclusiveness.

Expressing a hope to work within the denomination's existing framework, the delegates deleted a phrase that their position of power should be carried out "whether it be within or without the institution and whether it be pleasing or painful to white Methodists."

The conference, supported by Negro Methodist Bishops Charles F. Golden of Nashville and James S. Thomas of Des Moines, hammered out several recommendations to implement black power within Methodism. These stances include:

- Possible pooling of Negro local-church resources in order to give priority to meeting black-community needs; teaching creatively the contribution of the Negro in American life; study and education of the church's role in the midst of violence, of political action on pressing issues; and expanded training for clergy.

- Negroes should be represented proportionately on all Methodist boards and agencies, especially in policy-making positions; nondiscriminatory employment and service policies for all church agencies and institutions; allocation of more resources for the black community.

- General Conference should amend the *Discipline* to guarantee "employment and voice" to Negroes in the same way that EUBs are given these assurances in the new United Methodist Church; 1972 as the mandatory date for elimination of all annual conferences based on race; and seeking to unite with the three major Negro Methodist denominations before pursuing other church unions.

One of the first tasks of the new Black Methodist group will be to initiate conversations with black members

of other predominately white denominations.

Keynote speaker Dr. Earnest A. Smith, staff member of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, said the hope for Negro Methodists is not "separateness or racism" but staying in the denomination to help "make the church whole." He called the elimination of the segregated Central Jurisdiction "a limited victory."

Civil rights leaders James Farmer and Stokely Carmichael, both from Methodist backgrounds, appeared at the conference to stress the need for black pride and to urge churches to practice racial equality.

### Don't Neglect the Healing Ministry, Bishop Urges

Churchmen must not forget the "gentler ministries of healing, loving, encouraging, and comforting" in their current preoccupation with war, racism, and poverty, warns Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr. of Charlotte, N.C.

Bishop Hunt spoke to more than 500 church leaders attending the 1968 convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes in Cleveland, Ohio.

A not-so-gentle topic arose with the presence during several convention sessions of pickets representing striking employees of the Methodist-related St. Luke's Hospital in Cleveland. Non-professional employees of the hospital have been on strike for nine months in an effort to win bargaining rights by a building-service union.

Speaking on the labor-union issue, Bishop Francis E. Kearns, Canton, Ohio, said that officials of church-affiliated hospitals are obligated to seek laws to establish guidelines for collective bargaining in hospitals.

In the convention keynote address, Dr. Willis M. Tate, president of Southern Methodist University, urged the continuing development of church health and welfare services. At the same time, he said, the church must stimulate and support broad community health programs under governmental or voluntary sponsorship.

Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the board, revealed that a record 2,473,575 persons were served during 1967 by the 283 institutions related to the Board of Hospitals and Homes—about 500,000 more than in 1966. During this past year, the institutions provided almost \$27 million in free or part-pay services.

In a surprise move, Bishop Fred G. Holloway, Charleston, W.Va., announced that Dr. Oeschger would take early retirement as the board's general secretary. Bishop Holloway subsequently resigned as its president.

### Visitors Welcome to Dallas Uniting Conference

Thousands of visitors from Texas and other states are expected to join about 1,300 elected delegates in attending the Uniting Conference of The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches in Dallas, April 21-May 4.

Responding to numerous inquiries about accommodations for nondelegates, Dr. J. Otis Young, chairman of the Commission on Entertainment and Program, has announced that:

- Persons seeking hotel reservations and general information should write *immediately* to: James H. Stewart, executive director, Local Arrangements Committee, Methodist Uniting Conference, 3000 Daniels Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75205.

- No tickets or reservations will be issued for visitor seating in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, the meeting site. About 5,000 balcony seats will be available, however, on a first-come, first-serve basis.

- No printed program will be distributed prior to the Uniting Conference. The big moment, however, will come at 8:30 a.m., Tuesday, April 23. The formal service uniting the Methodist and EUB denominations will be followed by the first official session of the Uniting Conference. Dr. Albert C. Outler, ecumenical leader and professor at Perkins School of Theology, will preach at the unification service.

In another development, Dr. Young recently announced that the search for a 1972 General Conference site has been narrowed to three cities—Baltimore, Md., Memphis, Tenn., and New York City. Eight other cities were passed over because they lacked either adequate convention hall and hotel facilities, or had no episcopal endorsement of their invitations.

### Board Hits Race Oppression At Home and Abroad

Viet Nam . . . the Middle East . . . southern Africa . . . America's urban ghettos . . . Appalachia. Few areas of crisis and tension, it seemed, escaped the attention of the Methodist Board of Missions and its divisions at their 1968 annual meetings in Denver, Colo.

In a sharply worded resolution aimed chiefly at countries of southern Africa dominated by white-minority governments, the board reaffirmed its intention to use its "material and human" resources "to assist in the improvement of the conditions of human life, particularly among those who have been oppressed for racial reasons." It pointed out, however, that racial injustice and oppression exist to



a lesser degree in the U.S. as well.

The board said the extension of its involvement in southern Africa may include the withdrawal of support from enterprises supporting minority domination in southern Africa. This could bring the board into almost direct confrontation not only with white racist governments in the Republic of South Africa and Rhodesia and with Portugal, which rules Angola and Mozambique, but also with U.S. corporations and banking institutions doing business in southern Africa.

(In February the board announced implementation of a decision made last fall to withdraw the \$10 million investment portfolio owned by its Na-

tional Division from New York's First National City Bank. The action was a response to the bank's participation, with nine other U.S. banks, in loans to South Africa.)

In related action, the board's World Division approved a program to aid black southern Africans. It includes spending \$200,000 a year for three years for relief and service to exiles and victims of oppression and efforts to improve U.S. public and government understanding of African problems.

In addition, the board made available \$3 million to inaugurate a program of loan investments in ghetto enterprises. The funds will be avail-

able to individuals or small groups unable to arrange loans through normal channels except at exorbitant rates. The first loans are expected to be made in the United States, but all areas of the world are eligible to participate.

Sargent Shriver, director of the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity, addressed the Methodist board and its counterpart EUB group which met simultaneously in Denver. "The crisis in America today is not in the slum—but in the suburb," he said, because the affluent "just don't understand the poor." And he added, "Places like Watts or Harlem or Appalachia are not caused by what the

## Heartbreak in the Pacific Northwest . . .

# Some EUBs Reject United Methodism

AS Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren prepare for the April union of their denominations in Dallas, Texas, it is apparent that not all EUBs regard the forthcoming "marriage" as planned in heaven. It now seems certain, in fact, that as many as 80 percent of the 11,000 EUBs in the Pacific Northwest may leave their church in order to remain out of The United Methodist Church.

Just what will happen to these dissident EUBs and their churches is not yet certain. The 1966 EUB General Conference created a special Commission on Unity to seek solutions to the possible withdrawal which had been threatened as early as 1962. In two 1967 visits to the Pacific Northwest, commission members sought to persuade the dissidents that United Methodism will need them. The conference members, however, wanted to talk specifically about how local congregations could retain possession of their buildings—not *if* but *when* they leave the church. (The EUB *Discipline*, like the Methodist, contains a clause by which local churches hold property in trust for the denomination.)

Talk of trying to maintain unity in the Pacific Northwest now has ended. Says one Unity Commission member, "I suppose all of us still hope and pray for a change of mind on the part of these people." But he adds, "I think that is wishful thinking."

Theological differences between Pacific Northwest EUBs and Methodists is conceded to be the chief cause of the expected split. "The liberalism of Methodism practiced

here in Oregon just isn't compatible with my conservative theological position," says the Rev. George K. Milten, superintendent of one of the EUB conference's three districts. (Only one of the superintendents, the Rev. T. R. Buzzard, plans to go into the union even though he, too, opposed it. "I'm evangelical and conservative, but not so rigid," he explains.)

Education contributes to the separation. Many ministers in the EUB conference lack seminary training or are products of Portland's Western Evangelical Seminary which stresses a holiness theological orientation.

A listing of incompatibilities between Pacific Northwest EUBs and Methodists actually exposes long-nourished differences between the EUB group here and the mainstream of the EUB Church. The conference frequently has supported independent mission programs in preference to the denomination's efforts. Its churches often use literature from independent sources instead of EUB materials. A majority of its congregations are aligned with the conservative National Association of Evangelicals rather than the National Council of Churches.

If separation must come, as everyone now seems to expect, how can it be done? Three alternatives are mentioned: the dissident churches could continue as independent congregations; they could join an existing denomination such as the Free Methodists, or they could form a new "minidenomination" of their own.

In any case, many practical problems face them. Where, for instance, could withdrawing pastors place their

ministerial credentials? To retain pension rights they must transfer to another recognized denomination.

The stickiest question, of course, both for those withdrawing and those remaining, is settlement of church property ownership. Technically, the property belongs to the annual conference, not to the local congregations. Thus, the minority of Pacific Northwest EUBs who become United Methodists would hold control over property occupied by the majority who plan to leave.

The withdrawing congregations, naturally, feel that "this is our property" and hope to retain it at the lowest figure possible. Both sides recognize, however, that those who remain in the conference will have financial problems, too. Among their responsibilities would be the support of pension rights demanding payment for years to come, plus repayment to the general church of obligations totaling some \$289,000 for past building loans and pastor's salaries.

Although specific plans for a settlement of the issues apparently have not yet been devised, Bishop W. Maynard Sparks who heads the EUB Western Area expressed hope "that if we have mutual trust, we can arrive at a fair solution." But time is short. If a settlement is to be made, it presumably should come before The United Methodist Church is formed in Dallas.

Whatever the eventual outcome, one man deeply involved in the emotion-packed situation spoke for many when he said, "Right now there's heartbreak in the Pacific Northwest."

—LEE RANCK



poor have done. They are caused by what the rich have not done."

On the Viet Nam issue, the missions board urged the importance of de-escalation "such as halting the bombing of North Viet Nam . . . and a sincere search for a negotiated settlement."

It also called for separation of U.S. military support from economic assistance in foreign-aid programs and urged that aid funds be channeled through multinational agencies.

A new policy of "ecumenical mission" was put into effect with approval of funds totaling \$99,100 for two mission projects in the Middle East, \$100,000 for the World Council of Churches Near East Emergency Appeal, and \$100,000 for future projects in Oceania. Methodism has had no mission work in these areas.

A record total of \$35,848,498 was appropriated for worldwide mission work in 1968-69.

### Lay Agencies Would Raise Salaries of Ministers

Methodist and EUB lay agencies gave special attention to clergy salaries and a new theological statement on the laity as they met recently.

Anticipating their coming union, the Methodist Board of Lay Activities and the EUB Departments of Christian Stewardship and of Men's Work voted to ask the proposed General Board of the Laity to "develop a means by which local congregations become aware of the need to raise ministers' salaries."

Their request was based on data collected in a Philadelphia Methodist Conference survey which pointed out that (1) ordained ministers' salaries are well below those of other professions with similar training and (2) both EUB and Methodist churches are well below the national salary average of clergy as a whole.

Dr. Nordan C. Murphy, stewardship executive with the National Council of Churches, spoke to the group on coming issues in church giving. In the future, he stated, all financial transactions might be automated, forming a "checkless-cashless society." Dr. Murphy asked what this transformation would mean ethically for the place of the offering in worship and for the concept of "giving off the top" to God when many payments would be automatically deducted by banks.

In other action, the lay agencies received a statement on the role of the laity which had been worked out over a three-year period. The nine-page paper covers such areas as the laity's "response to the call of God," work within the congregation, the in-

stitution of the church in mission, and involvement in humanity.

The new lay theological statement will be presented to the Uniting Conference with the request that it be considered resource material for revising The United Methodist Church's Articles of Religion.

### Special Central Session Set; Jurisdiction Sites Listed

Methodists of the Central Jurisdiction's Tennessee-Kentucky Conference will meet in Nashville April 4 to decide whether to transfer and merge their unit with five Southeastern Jurisdiction conferences.

Bishop Charles F. Golden of the Nashville-Carolina Area called the special session for Negro Methodists to reconsider a resolution which they solidly rejected last May. One Tennessee-Kentucky Conference leader said that the rejected omnibus resolution, approved by huge majorities across most of the denomination, would abolish the racially constituted Central Jurisdiction, but allow continuation of some segregated conferences.

At the same time, the Tennessee-Kentucky Conference unanimously adopted a separate resolution which reaffirmed its "unequivocal opposition" to segregated annual conferences in regional jurisdictions, and expressed its willingness to transfer and merge its own conference with the geographic conferences which it overlaps—Kentucky, Louisville, Memphis, Tennessee, and Holston units of the Southeastern Jurisdiction.

A recent ruling by the Methodist Judicial Council clears the way for the Tennessee-Kentucky Conference

to reconsider the omnibus resolution concerning racial structures. Its members could vote on one section that would allow it to merge, while not approving a section that leaves some other conferences still segregated. Only two other conferences remain in the Central Jurisdiction.

The Central Jurisdiction will be terminated automatically with the formation of The United Methodist Church in late April. Under the union plan, it could be several years before merger of some Negro and white annual conferences takes place although a target date of 1972 has been set for merger of segregated units.

The Central Jurisdiction held its final conference last August. The other five jurisdictions will meet simultaneously, July 24-28, in accordance with a Methodist constitutional amendment adopted in 1965.

The Northeastern Jurisdiction will meet at Buckhannon, W.Va.; North Central at Peoria, Ill.; Southeastern at Lake Junaluska, N.C.; South Central at Oklahoma City, Okla.; and the Western Jurisdiction at Honolulu, Hawaii.

### Boards of Education Urge Look at 'Ministry'

The United Methodist Church should create a quadrennial commission to reexamine all aspects of the education of ministers and consider the possible need for a board of the ministry.

This was one key recommendation as the Boards of Education of The Methodist and EUB Churches met in joint annual session recently at St. Louis, Mo.

"We are aware of many expressions of desire for the renewal and restructuring of the church and of the urgent quest for an adequate, relevant, and ecumenical ministry," said a report approved by the joint meeting.

Dr. E. Craig Brandenburg, Christian education chief of the EUB Church, reported that his denomination's Program Council recently reached consensus that "not only should we invest our energies for greater collaboration in The United Methodist Church but also in the Consultation on Church Union and other ecumenical opportunities."

Dr. Myron F. Wicke, head of the Methodist board's Division of Higher Education, said he hopes the new church will create a national commission to develop during the 1968-72 quadrennium a statement on the future role and function of the denomination's colleges and universities.

Giving through annual conferences to schools, colleges, and Wesley Foun-

### CENTURY CLUB

*Two retired Methodist ministers are among five centenarians joining the ranks of the Century Club this month. The centenarians are:*

Mrs. Bertha Edwards, 101, Dunmore, Pa.

Mrs. Barbara Gilson, 100, Chicago, Ill.

The Rev. John Eden McVeigh, 100, Hazleton, Pa.

Allen K. Ragsdale, 100, San Antonio, Texas

The Rev. Alfred D. Wagner, 100, Temple City, Calif.

*In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.*



dations increased almost \$1.5 million last year, bringing the total to nearly \$20 million, he reported.

Considerable discussion was given to the annual conference status of non-clergy such as directors and ministers of Christian education, ministers of music, institutional administrators, and others. Many feel they should have a voice in conference legislation through some type of affiliate or associate membership.

### Massive Relief Foreseen When Viet War Ends

A Viet Nam cease-fire could launch a massive Methodist church-wide offering for relief and rehabilitation of the Vietnamese people.

Bishop Ralph T. Alton of Wisconsin, president of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR), proposed the plan to the denomination's Council of Bishops last November, and suggested a goal of \$3 million. The council has the request under consideration.

Dr. J. Harry Haines, MCOR general secretary, elaborated on the suggestions. He said that after a cease-fire, The Methodist Church would join other American churches in a long-term rehabilitation effort in Viet Nam.

The question of aid to North Viet Nam remains unsettled, he said. Details of the program would depend on many factors, including the terms of a cease-fire.

Dr. Haines said that he favors self-help aid which would give dignity to the people, and enable them to rebuild their own society.

The MCOR executive pointed out that his agency is currently seeking 12 to 14 volunteers for Vietnam Christian Service (VCS). MCOR now has seven persons working in the service.

MCOR recently appropriated \$50,000 for VCS, bringing to \$220,000 the amount given to the ecumenical relief program since 1966. An additional \$55,000 will go toward relief, rehabilitation, and refugee work in the still-tense Middle East.

### Clergy Protest for Peace In Washington, D.C.

Two thousand supporters of an interreligious organization which opposes the war in Viet Nam and the military draft held a February protest rally and put their case before members of Congress.

The two-day mobilization was sponsored by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. Before delegates walked two miles to the Capitol to visit with lawmakers, they gathered

at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., a chairman of the group, charged that the war is causing the nation to have "mixed-up priorities" and accused the United States of being "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world."

Saying the nation will spend an estimated \$80 billion on defense and war this year, Dr. King said the Viet Nam conflict is playing havoc with the nation's domestic destiny. He blamed Congress for the riots in U.S. cities and tied the "excess" of the Viet Nam war to a justification of his antipoverty crusade demonstrations scheduled in Washington during April.

Later, Dr. King led a silent-prayer memorial service to honor the nation's war dead in Arlington National Cemetery.

Meanwhile, a "war crimes study" issued by the antiwar group is sparking controversy. In *The Name of America* is a 420-page compilation of news reports and other data showing that the United States has been violating the Geneva and Hague Conventions.

The volume is prefaced with a commentary signed by 29 Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish leaders. Six Methodist bishops are among the signers: Bishops Ralph T. Alton of Madison, Wis., Charles F. Golden of Nashville, Tenn., Fred G. Holloway of Charleston, W.Va., John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., R. Marvin Stuart of Denver, Colo., and W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse, N.Y.

The commentary asserts that the U.S. "must be judged guilty of having broken almost every established agreement for standards of human decency in times of war." State department officials say the charges of the clergymen are "absolutely unsupportable."

### Wage Boost Spells Trouble For Goodwill Industries

Increases in the federal minimum wage may cause financial stress for Goodwill Industries.

The industries, historically connected with the Methodist Board of Missions, provide work, training, and rehabilitation to more than 75,000 handicapped persons a year—50,000 of them in sheltered workshops.

Although sheltered workshops are allowed to pay less than the minimum wage, they must make increases at equivalent rates. Thus when the minimum wage was increased from \$1.40 to \$1.60 on February 1, Goodwill increased salaries 15 percent.

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Delegates had been told that the University Christian Movement's first conference would be 'a radically new kind' of meeting. It was so much so that some participants are still asking . . .

# What Happened at Their Happening?

THE FIRST conference of the University Christian Movement (UCM) looked like almost anything except a church gathering when it convened in Cleveland the last week in 1967.<sup>1</sup>

The first event was a huge "happening" featuring a jazz band, flashing lights, and 15 slide projectors flashing pictures on the walls. Participants hurled rolls of toilet tissue into the air and painted designs on their faces, hoping to establish an atmosphere of freedom in which they would be open to new ideas and new patterns.

The almost 3,000 delegates found no big-name speakers, no Bible-study groups, and no plenary sessions during *Process '67*, as the Cleveland sessions were called. Instead, they participated in a five-day "experimental college."

Major emphasis was placed on some 70 depth education groups (DEGs), which met daily to discuss such issues as black power, poverty, technology, and the theology of revolution. Closed-circuit television provided feedback on the DEGs, discussions and newscasts, and artistic presentations—all student produced.

Experimental worship services, art workshops, and film festivals also vied for delegate attention.

The conference attempted to explore UCM's operating principle—that Christians should work for "social changes through the reformulation of the university."

Emphasis is placed on the university because the church today "has less influence on the future course of events than the university," as one UCM officer put it. "And we cannot afford the luxury of sentimentally attaching ourselves to empty vessels or clanging brass."

Many conferees were confused by the flexible schedules and spontaneously organized activities which filled

every day and many nights at Cleveland. Several of them admitted:

"I don't know what's going on."

The obvious lack of structure was deliberate so students would not "just listen, but participate." And that they did.

A "direct action" group engineered various protests against the Viet Nam war. About 250 held a peaceful sit-in to protest recruitment of Cleveland high-school students by defense contractors.

About 300 delegates marched to protest the war, the draft, and "exploitation of poor people." Six students turned in their draft cards at one worship service.

Conference officials said the demonstrations were not planned UCM activities, but explained that individuals were free to take whatever action their study led to.

Numerous groups solicited support for draft resistance, black power, student power, Catholic power, missionary service, McCarthy for President, the Socialist Workers Party, and other causes.

The conference was hampered by a number of problems, from continuous lack of adequate meeting space to annoying technical difficulties which plagued most television presentations.

Apparent lack of planning and preparation resulted in a number of poorly qualified and hastily chosen discussion-group leaders. Many groups were without resource persons and materials.

The varying degrees of student knowledge created problems. "In our group [on black power]," complained one discussion leader, "many students were active in black-power movements. Others didn't even know what the term meant. I could never get the group together."

Some conference officials felt that the Cleveland meeting was too long and too big. But most were enthusiastic.

"In the past we've looked at authoritarian answers," Steven Sehomberg, UCM president, said of traditional conferences. The new "process"

style of assembly combines study, strategy, action, and evaluation of solutions which "can only be temporary."

A National Council of Churches missionary recruiter called the Cleveland participants the "avant garde of the student generation," adding: "We need such creative, innovative young people in mission work today. For they can meet revolutionary situations all missionaries may encounter."

"This conference was just a beginning," said the Rev. Arthur Brandenburg, conference chairman and director of the Wesley Foundation at Yale University. "The real test of its effectiveness is what happens the year after on the local campus."

It is difficult to envision UCM as a force of effective social change on the campus—or anywhere else—while so much confusion and indecision cloud its purpose, methods, and existence.

However, those actively involved are enthusiastic, dissatisfied, and determined to do something to improve the world in which they live. Many tend to define Christian experience in terms of human relationships as social involvement, rather than specific beliefs. And some are aware of the dangers of the structurelessness of UCM.

"We often devise theological positions in order to justify what we do," a student said on one television show. "This is especially a present danger in UCM. We think depth education is a fine idea and we want to have a part in developing it, so we get involved and really dig what's happening."

"Then someday somebody says, 'Hey, how about your [organization's] middle name?' So we think about it a while and then we say, 'Well, I dig the Jesus myth. It's my thing. That's why I'm doing what I'm doing.'"

But what is UCM doing? Will anything concrete develop out of the conference? Or was the week of "process" merely an enthusiastic, colorful, big-worded bubble that will break as soon as it makes solid contact with the hard problems of society?—MARTHA LANE

<sup>1</sup> UCM succeeds the National Student Christian Federation, which has held quadrennial conferences on the mission of the church since the 1880s. Its membership includes Roman Catholics, Orthodox Christians, and Protestants. The National Council of the Methodist Student Movement joined UCM at its inception in 1966.

—EDITORS



crease in February, 1967, the 1968 raise will mean a 27 percent raise in wage payments in about one year.

Officials fear that a shortage of funds may result in a reduction of the number of severely handicapped with low productivity that they can serve.

Eugene Caldwell, national president of Goodwill, said that the industry's income has not gone up at the same rate as federal-wage requirements, and the program cannot apply labor-saving devices or other techniques to keep pace.

Another problem lies in the pressures being put on Goodwill to serve more severely impaired people such as the retarded, the mentally ill, and those with severe physical handicaps.

### Ecumenical Pilgrimage To Wesley's Chapel

An ecumenical pilgrimage recently brought Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox bishops to Wesley's Chapel in London—often called the "mother church" of Methodism.

The pilgrimage to the historic chapel, Wesley's home, and the chapel's museum was organized by the Ecumenical Society of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a society which originally was Roman Catholic, but now is ecumenical in nature.

The Rev. Gordon Wakefield, Methodist editor, read from Wesley's writings on the Virgin Mary and delivered a sermon which observers described as uncontroversial. Clergy of other faiths joined Methodist minister G.

Herbert Davies in the ceremony.

Wesley's Chapel was opened in 1778 and was rebuilt in 1899 after a fire. John Wesley is buried behind the chapel.

### Publishing House Election Challenged by Union

Methodist Publishing House production employees in three departments at the Nashville plant apparently have rejected union representation by bookbinders for the second time in two months.

The vote was 93 to 85 against the union, but the outcome is still in doubt because 21 ballots have been challenged, 20 of them by the union.

The February 8 election was ordered after a regional director of the National Labor Relations Board sustained two of eight union objections and declared a December election null and void.

The Publishing House appealed the ruling to the NLRB in Washington, D.C. But the board upheld one objection that the Publishing House coerced and intimidated workers by "carrying on a general campaign of interrogation."

Publishing House officials said the complaint was sustained on the basis of a technicality concerning the placement of a desk where supervisors interviewed employees. The desk was located in an unenclosed area of the mailing department rather than on the assembly line or at the machinery where employees worked.

### Methodists in the News

Two Methodist laymen are among 10 "Outstanding Young Men" selected by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce: Michigan freshman Congressman Donald W. Riegle, Jr., 29, and Oklahoma businessman Donald Greve, 34 [see *He Creates Jobs for the Jobless*, January, page 26].

The Rev. Stanley H. Martin, president of West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, W.Va., is the new president of the National Association of Methodist Schools and Colleges.

Dr. Major J. Jones, Knoxville District superintendent (Tennessee-Kentucky Conference), has been elected president-director of Gammon Theological Seminary in Atlanta, Ga.

Harry Seamans, long-time board member of Wesley Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., was honored by the U.S. state department, which he serves as co-ordinator of organization liaison in the office of public services. He also received the 1967 Lions International "President's Award" for distinguished service.

The Rev. Steve P. Gaskins, Jr., American Bible Society secretary for distribution to armed-forces personnel, has presented to the commander of the Navy's Polaris submarine USS *John Adams* the 50-millionth copy of the Scriptures presented in the past 150 years to armed-forces members.

Dr. William A. Hammitt, executive director of the Baby Fold, Normal, Ill., has been installed as president of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes. Dr. Vernon Stutzman, executive director of Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn (N.Y.), was chosen president-elect and will take office in 1969.

Four persons recently were inducted into the Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy, which recognizes outstanding service to Methodist health and welfare ministries: George P. Turner, Birmingham, Ala., architect; Dr. Herman M. Wilson, Gaithersburg, Md., minister; Ralph M. Stockton, Sr., Winston-Salem, N.C., manufacturer; and James H. Garrison, Cincinnati, Ohio, accountant.

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# Antidote to Despair

REVOLUTION, crisis, uncertainty, despair—these words describe the prevailing winds today not only in secular society but also in the church. Many feel like the distraught young mother in that classic railroad-station scene: babe in arms and two other youngsters underfoot, she struggles along the station platform with three bulging suitcases, an overflowing shopping bag, and no redeap in sight. Finally she loses control, ending up in a heap of parcels, children, and other passengers. She simply can't manage to keep everything in place; she is overwhelmed.

Surely this is a common plight of the contemporary churchman. Liberal or conservative, old or young, militant or hesitant, he is frustrated and fearful—about either too much or too little change in the church. Perhaps most of all, he is confused. As the preface to a new statement by the laymen's organizations of The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches declares:

"The [contemporary] Christian layman has difficulty understanding the church's mission, its relevance to current ferment, his place within the congregation, his assignment in the world, whether there is hope in the future, and how God is involved in it at all."

Some churchmen, of course, have persisted in pretending that it ain't so—that things really aren't so bad, and that if we just hang on we'll come out in good order. Well, new evidence keeps piling in that the church is in the midst of revolution—and it is evidence that cannot be pushed aside just because it is unpleasant.

*Item:* For each of the past two years, The Methodist Church has lost membership—21,405 last year, 20,955 the year before. Last year, in addition, preparatory members decreased by 14,099; church-school membership fell off by 167,637, and church-school attendance dropped by 131,949. The same downward spiral affects most major Protestant denominations.

*Item:* Religion is steadily losing its influence in America, according to the Gallup Poll. Ten years ago, 69 percent of a sample of the American public thought religion was increasing its influence; just 14 percent said it was losing influence. Today only 23 percent believe religion is increasing its influence, while 57 percent feel it is losing ground.

*Item:* A survey of 3,000 Protestant clergymen published in *McCall's* uncovered "a tide of angry, anxious dissatisfaction with the church" among ministers, particularly younger men. Nearly half of those under 40 said they had seriously considered leaving the ministry. So had a smaller but substantial number of older men. At the root of much of the dissatisfaction was lack of change. "... churches must change and change radically if they are to hold some of their most idealistic, searching young ministers," the survey concluded. We were skeptical of this poll until a couple of under-40 ministers said, "It tells it the way it is—the way we feel, and the way we hear it from other pastors."

Clearly we in the church are in for some rougher years ahead. The worst is yet to come. But conducting business as usual is not going to renew the

church. Neither will feeling helpless and overcome—like the poor woman in the train station. So the question is: What affirmative and effective action can each of us take as individual church members?

*First, we must face up to the way things really are.* Anyone who thinks things are swell is living in a fantasy world. The church is in deep trouble, from forces both external and internal, and the sooner we admit this, the sooner we can deal with it.

*Second, we must reassess values, concerns, and priorities.* A study of "Leadership Needs of The Methodist Church" prepared by the department of research and survey of the Board of Missions' National Division says that the contemporary church is characterized by "so broad and superficial involvement in so many diverse aspects of society that it fails to make an impact. The result is pious sentiments about a multiplicity of issues and no real influence on most."

Plagued by uncertainty about what to do, or whether even what we are doing represents progress toward larger goals, some churches keep busy with all sorts of little things to avoid the larger, more difficult question of setting basic goals and first priorities. Yet, this is a necessary task, the report declares. "If the church is to have maximum impact, it must choose its targets carefully." The same holds for individual church members.

*Third, we must set reasonable, achievable goals.* Choose targets, yes, but make sure they can be reached. This often is the area of greatest frustration and despair, particularly in local churches. A minister or a layman may become upset about economic inequalities in the United States, for instance, but feel terribly thwarted because there is nothing he can do about the whole system. Yet there always is something he can do in his own community or at his own job to begin to change things. In this context there is virtue in thinking small and at least doing what is possible.

*Finally, we must get used to being part of an often unpopular minority.* This is perhaps the toughest adjustment of all, at least emotionally. We have been raised in the church during a period when it has been a rather bland "chaplain to the middle class," as one Methodist bishop put it. We haven't had to suffer for our convictions, as did the Old Testament prophets, the early Christians, the reformers—and as did Christ. We would rather be liked. But as we begin to speak up for those who suffer, we also will suffer. If we are truly to be the servant church, we will have to begin to speak out against injustice and to take risks no one prefers to take. We will have to get used to tension, disagreement, and open hostility—within our own congregations as well as in our communities and among our friends. And we will have to decide whether it is popular acceptance and numerical success we want for the church, or relevance and renewal.

The decision to stand straight and speak out on behalf of all humanity, whatever the consequences, is not easy. But the times demand it of Christians. And it certainly beats covering in a corner, wallowing in frustration and despair.

—YOUR EDITORS

# Lazarus, Come Out!

By JOHN LYNN CARR

*Pastor, The Church of the Saviour (Methodist)  
Indianapolis, Indiana*

THEN JESUS, deeply moved again, came to the tomb; it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, "Take away the stone." Martha, the sister of the dead man, said to him, "Lord, by this time there will be an odor, for he has been dead four days." Jesus said to her, "Did I not tell you that if you would believe you would see the glory of God?" So they took away the stone. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. I knew that thou hearest me always, but I have said this on account of the people standing by, that they may believe that thou didst send me." When he had said this, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come out." The dead man came out, his hands and feet bound with bandages, and his face wrapped with a cloth. Jesus said to them, "Unbind him, and let him go."

—John 11:38-44



Arise by Henry Rox



WHO IS THAT MAN in the tomb? Who is he in the midst of friends and loved ones, yet often separated from them; unable to find even in those closest to him the depth of communion and understanding and trust and mutual sharing that he knows he ought to have? Who is Lazarus?

Who is that man—in the midst of a wonderful world of things and experiences, yet imprisoned in a hectic schedule, blinded by worries and fears, sealed off from the joy which he senses could be his?

Who is that man—aware that within him there is a potential to create and to give, that somehow he could be a quite different person, yet entombed in guilt about past failures, fear of what other people will think, continually cutting down and compromising on his hopes for himself, wondering if things ever will be different, afraid really to look at himself for fear the sight might be disgusting?

Who is that man—surrounded by many voices speaking of the meaning and purpose of life, feeling in his heart of hearts that God ought to be somewhere—like Jesus, a God to whom he could give himself unreservedly—yet living in doubt and mystery and fear, somehow ignorant of what the voices are saying?

Who is that man in the tomb? Who is the man Jesus loves, for whom he weeps, to whom he speaks? Could I be that man? Could I be Lazarus? Could this story of resurrection be my story?

What is that well-known and well-loved voice saying, out there beyond the walls of my tomb?

“Take away the stone!”

Is he serious? Does he really want to look into my life, at how I really feel? Can he stand the sight of my broken promises, my poisoned thoughts, my worship of petty things, my failures in love? Can he stand the corruption of my heart, he whose hopes for me have been so high?

Come to think of it, I know the answer to that question. He already has seen written on his own body and in his own wounds the measure of my sin. And he forgave. From the very midst of his agony, he *forgave*. That sort of love I can trust.

If only I could accept his care for me. Maybe I could unload to him. Maybe in the power of his compassion I could face myself.

Now the stone is rolled away. I can see the light through my bandages. I can feel the warmth of the sun. I hear the voice again: “Lazarus, come out!”

What is he saying? Does he actually believe that I can walk out into a new life? Does he really want me to be with him? Does he truly feel that he can use me, right now and right here? Does he seriously hope that I can begin to lead a new life, that I can leave death behind?

It is all so sudden. I know so little about life out

there with him. I have been where I am for so long. Out there in the new life is risk and pain. I know it. Perhaps I ought to wait.

Yet suppose he is right? Suppose I could get up and walk with head high and eyes open? Suppose I could really be a new person? There is authority in that voice, firmness, assurance. If he believes I can begin anew, perhaps I can! He believes in me, should I not believe in myself? Perhaps waiting out there with Jesus is the person I was meant to be. It is time for me to get up, to wake up, and to walk out!

How did I get here—standing in the sunlight, the murmur of amazement around me, a strange joy within? If only the cloth were taken from my eyes I could see the light which I am sure is all around me. My bandages are bonds. If only I were free of them, my mouth, my hands, my feet could speak the love my heart now feels.

“Unbind him and let him go!” Friendly hands, stripping away the vestiges of death, helping me struggle back into life. It will take time, I know. It has taken years for me to screen out of my vision the pain in my neighbor’s eyes, to stop listening to his voice unless it concerns me, to keep my hands from reaching out to his need except when the coast is clear, to persuade my heart that what *I* feel, what *I* think, what *I* want are the most important things.

It will hurt, I know. Those old rationalizations and prejudices and defenses, those goals and habits and values, are all a part of me now. Ripping them away will draw blood.

But they *must* go. I thought I was preserving my life but I was only committing suicide, slowly entombing myself in sin. The old patterns must go. For I would be free! I must welcome the pain. It is the joyful anguish of a new birth, the small price I must pay for the abundant life.

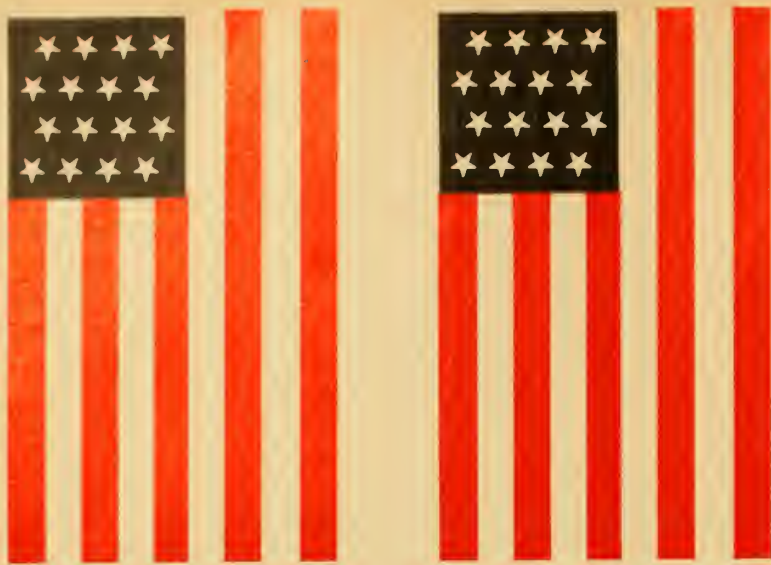
The cloth is off my eyes. The light is dazzling, almost blinding. But there he is, the one who called me, and he speaks again.

“I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die.”

I see him but dimly. I know him but little. But one thing I know. In him is life. With him I could never go back to the darkness, never give in again to death. With him by one’s side nobody could really die, not now—not ever!

Now I must speak. The time has come. There is but one thing to say: “My Lord and my God!”

Who is that man in the tomb? Who is the man Jesus loves, for whom he weeps, to whom he speaks? Could I be that man? Could I be Lazarus? Could this story of resurrection be my story? □



# Doug, Dick --And Viet Nam

By WINFIELD S. HAYCOCK

Pastor, First Methodist Church  
Rochester, Minnesota

The Methodist Church, true to the principles of the New Testament, teaches respect for properly constituted civil authority. It encourages both love of country and love of all men. Believing that government rests upon the support of its conscientious citizens, it holds within its fellowship those who sincerely differ as to the Christian's duty in regard to military service. We ask and claim exemption by legal processes from all forms of military preparation or service for all religious conscientious objectors, as for those of the historic peace churches. We recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his conscience. We also recognize that non-violent resistance can be a valid form of Christian witness. In all of these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church.

—Discipline of The Methodist Church, Par. 1820 III E.2

THIS STATEMENT of official Methodist policy on the Christian and military service emphasizes the freedom of the individual conscience. This freedom is a very important and precious part of our Methodist heritage. We try to operate on it in all areas—from belief about prayer, for example, to what we believe about the Viet Nam war. We think differences of opinion are wholesome, and that one mark of our maturity as Christians lies in how well we are able to accept, respect, work, and live with people whose opinions are different from our own.

Within the framework of that precious diversity and freedom of conscience, I introduce two young men, both responsible patriotic citizens, both members of my church.

The first is Douglas Wallin, whose brother served in the Peace Corps in Turkey for two years. He was working in the electrical field when drafted in August, 1966. He completed basic Army training and advanced training in time to be home for Christmas that year.

On January 7, 1967, his division, the 1st Infantry, flew to Lai Khe, north of Saigon. From there, Doug went north on 50 different missions near the Cambodian border. On June 17, he was helping set up a



perimeter defense for a new camp when the Viet Cong attacked. Doug was seriously wounded by a metal fragment that struck his head. Thirty-one Americans were killed in this action, and 113 were wounded.

Doug was evacuated to a Viet Nam hospital. Later he was moved to a hospital in Japan, where his condition improved, then worsened.

Through the help of Minnesota Congressman Albert H. Quie, his mother was able to visit him in Japan. When she got to his bedside on August 25, he was no longer able to speak. "Do you recognize me, Doug?" she asked. He indicated that he did by squeezing her hand and by the look in his eyes. At eight o'clock the next evening, Douglas Wallin died.

This tragic loss was shared by many in our church. Very deeply we feel sympathy for his father and mother, his two sisters and brother. We pay tribute to Doug as a conscientious soldier who lost his life in the line of duty while furthering the war aims of his country: to defeat communist aggression.

Doug's family received notice that the Purple Heart would be awarded posthumously. They also received a letter of sympathy from President and Mrs. Johnson, and many other cards and letters of condolence. One young stranger, whose own brother had been killed in the war, wrote:

"Amidst your sorrow and the haunting questions you must be asking, I want you to know that I care; others do, too."

The "haunting questions" are real and inevitable. As I stood beside the casket to pray with the father and mother the night before the funeral, Doug's mother whispered, "I wonder if it is a waste. I only wish I could be sure."

Later, his father said, "I can't help but wonder if the politicians could bring the war to an end if they really wanted to."

And I wondered, what can we do for the rest of the young soldiers, many of whom also will die? What can we do to hasten peace? How can we go on living so comfortably while they are dying? Can war, any modern war, *this* war, any longer be considered a human activity that can be justified before God?

We owe it to Doug Wallin and all the others never to cease asking these questions and never to cease searching for answers.

**D**URING the final months of Doug's life, when he and his family were in my mind many times daily, I was close to another young man, Richard Martin.

Dick, a graduate of Methodist-related Lawrence University in Appleton, Wis., has been doing advanced work at the University of Washington, in Seattle.

He wrote me early in 1966, asking if we might discuss the war and some things that were on his conscience regarding participation in it. We corresponded and later visited, both when he was home on a trip

and another time when I was on vacation in Seattle.

He had talked with a number of trusted counselors in several fields. He knew that Selective Service laws provide for conscientious objectors, that he could do alternate, nonmilitary service if his reasons were valid. He also knew the ultimate consequences if an appeal for conscientious-objector classification were turned down: induction into the armed services, or punishment by fine and/or imprisonment.

Over a period of months, on the basis of thinking that had been developing for years, Dick carefully prepared his case. This included filing a statement of personal belief. Dick showed me his statement, one of the finest definitions of a young man's faith in God that I have ever read.

"The Supreme Being in which I believe is the God of all men," Dick wrote. "He is a force of which all people partake, the force behind the spiritual and social development of the human race. He is the source of the human soul, the good that exists in every man that permits him to rise above animal selfishness and to sacrifice immediate personal interest in favor of the interests of his community."

Dick's statement concluded with this summary:

"My belief forbids me to bear arms for two reasons:

"First, I believe that any militant institution works to thwart the plan that God has for a world community in which his people work together for a better life for all. Since all men share essentially the same goals, conflict reflects misunderstanding and different opinions regarding means to the goal rather than basic irreconcilable differences. As long as men continue to rely on killing and destruction to 'resolve' such differences, the goal of the Supreme Being and of his spirit of good in man is unattainable.

"Second, I cannot in good conscience kill or contribute to killing in any way since this involves judging the 'enemy' spiritually inferior to myself and not fit to live, in direct defiance of the will of God, who gave the enemy a life and a human soul like mine. Refusal to bear arms is one expression of my conviction that the highest duty of man is toward this Supreme Being that unites the community of mankind.

"The other more significant expression is devoting myself to building a better world. This includes serving the political community of the United States of America to make it a better place to live and to help prepare it for the authentic contribution and test of competition in a peaceful world."

On the evening of August 23, just three days before Doug Wallin died, Dick Martin and I met with his draft board. I remember praying for Doug, that he might recover and live, and for our country, and for Dick, that whatever was right in the sight of God might happen.

The draft board's questioning was thoughtful and careful and serious. Obviously they had studied his case thoroughly.

They asked several important questions of each of us, questions designed to protect this classification from abuse. They questioned Dick about his loyalty

to our country, about when the use of force is justifiable, about why others should go when he did not, and about what else he had done or not done recently because he believed in God.

The board extended Dick's exemption as a student for one year, and indicated that he subsequently could be classified as a conscientious objector. In that case, he would volunteer for approved alternative service.

CONSCIENTIOUS objection to war by reason of religious training and belief is as old as the Christian church. Early Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions in Rome because they would not bow to the Roman emperor. A second major reason was their absolute refusal to serve in his army. There have been conscientious objectors in every war—at least 100,000 in World War II, for instance.

The number of conscientious objectors is growing rapidly, partly because of the controversial nature and widespread criticism of the Viet Nam conflict.

Many leading Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen have voiced their disapproval. A surprising number of United States congressmen and senators and other respected statesmen have publicly criticized it. Retiring Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara himself had significant reservations about the bombing of North Viet Nam.

Groups of lawyers, educators, and doctors have published statements urging a change in our country's course, as have United Nations leaders. Contemporary film makers, artists, and dramatists have used their special skills to point out the absurdity of war.

No one becomes a conscientious objector without facing hard criticism, and without coming to know that for him, important and valid as some criticism of the conscientious objector's stand may be, none of it can outweigh the fact that God has spoken in the individual conscience. Even here no man can be absolutely certain; he can only try to be true to the best light and direction God gives within him.

The previously quoted statement from the Methodist *Discipline* recognizes that the conscientious objector is a very important person to each of us, to our nation, and to our church. It also recognizes, however, that the soldier is a very important person. (The statement does not deny the possibility of a just or justifiable war.) The Methodist Church promises both its soldiers and its conscientious objectors the full support and authority of their church.

The only thing The Methodist Church does *not* support is our *indifference*. Therefore, I ask, in the name of both our soldiers and our conscientious objectors, *What can you and I do for peace?* I can think of at least seven answers:

1. *Believe in Jesus Christ*. Let not a day pass that you do not hear again and again in your own mind his words of commendation, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God"; and his

words of instruction, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."

2. *Believe in God*, that he is the Father of all men, in whose eyes there is no distinction between me and them, between here and there, between yellow and black and white, between friend and enemy. They and I are one in God.

3. *Believe in the church*, your spiritual family. And let yourself understand and feel the lonely roads that Douglas Wallin and Richard Martin have traveled. These young men are not strangers; they are part of each of us, our family.

4. *Believe in yourself*. Let us shake off our failure of confidence in our own ideas. We can each think and understand enough to make freedom of thought a reality still, and we can still speak enough to make freedom of speech significant. What you do and say makes a difference.

5. *Pray for peace*. Pray for our leaders and our soldiers and for all our young men in these difficult times. And pray, as Christ would ask you, for the leaders and soldiers on the other side and for all the suffering civilians—the children, the aged, the mothers—all. In all your prayers, pray for peace that, as a people, we may be more interested in saving human beings than in saving face.

6. *Read all you can*, on all sides of these issues. Read in groups and discuss, and read alone. Read *Religion and Peace* (Bobbs Merrill, \$4.95, cloth; \$1.80, paper) edited by Homer A. Jack, or *Vietnam: Crisis of Conscience* (Association Press, \$3.50, cloth; 95¢, paper) coauthored by a leading Protestant theologian, Robert McAfee Brown; a Catholic layman, Michael Novak; and a Jewish rabbi, Abraham J. Heschel, for a religious point of view.

Read such books as these of the late Bernard Fall for historical background: *Last Reflections on a War* (Doubleday, \$4.95) and *The Two Vietnams* (Praeger, \$7.95). Read Frank N. Trager's *Why Vietnam?* (Praeger, \$4.95), or Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor's *Responsibility and Response* (Harper & Row, \$3.50) for the government and Army point of view. Read Senator J. William Fulbright's *The Arrogance of Power* (Random House, \$4.95; Vintage Books, \$1.95) for criticism of the war from within the government. Many specific items you may not have thought of, and several widely endorsed plans for bringing the Viet Nam War to an honorable end, are presented in such books.

7. *Declare yourself*. Exercise the freedom we are fighting for in Viet Nam by speaking out according to your own conscience. But, as you speak, be careful to extend to others that same freedom of thought and freedom of speech.

You don't need to be an expert to speak. Speak as I speak, without all the answers, yet unable to remain



silent any longer. Speak or write to our elected officials.

A man tells of an experience he had as a schoolchild of seven. He heard a rabbi reading the Old Testament account of Abraham's preparations for the sacrifice of his son Isaac.

"When Abraham lifted the knife to kill his son, I froze with fright," he recalls. "And when the angel told Abraham to spare his son, I broke into tears."

"'Rabbi,' I cried, 'suppose the angel had come a second too late?' He reassured me that the angel had come on time."

I will tell you what the rabbi did not tell—the grown-up meaning of this ancient story: The angel of God is the *conscience of man*. Now ask yourself, in

the present world, what if the angel comes to me and to you too late?

This truly frightening story of Abraham and Isaac marked a great advance of conscience in the early days of our Hebrew-Christian origins. This was the end of what before had been considered necessary—religiously sponsored human sacrifice. Could it not be that the time has come for a similarly great advance in the conscience of man—the development of understanding, world law, and mutual faith to replace war?

Speak, O angel of God,

And be not late.

Awake, O conscience of man,

For it is the human race

That now lies bound upon this

rock, this altar, this earth.

## CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS: *What the Law Allows*

SOME NEWS stories about conscientious objectors (COs) are confusing. For example, Air Force Captain Dale E. Noyd is against wars of aggression, but he does not object to wars of defense. He has refused—on religious grounds—to train men for bombing missions over North Viet Nam. Now the captain faces a court-martial.

New Mexico's state Selective Service board rejects 33 percent of the appeals it receives from men seeking CO status, but Illinois denies 80 percent of such appeals.

To help clarify the issues for persons seriously considering registering as COs, this article discusses what Selective Service regulations allow, and what our church believes about conscientious objection.

### Who are conscientious objectors?

The law defines a conscientious objector as one "who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. Religious training and belief in this connection means an individual's belief in relation to a supreme being, involving duties superior to those arising from any human relations, but not including essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code."

### Can a person be a conscientious objector (CO) even if he does not believe in God?

Yes. The Supreme Court has ruled that a nonreligious objector can obtain exemption from the military if his belief "occupies a place in the life of its possessor parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God of one who clearly qualifies for the exemption."

### What if a CO is opposed to the war in Viet Nam, but not opposed to all wars?

The law allows conscientious objection only to "war in any form." If you object only to a particular war (such as Viet Nam), your claim probably will be rejected.

### Is a CO exempt from the draft?

No. He is still subject to a two-year draft. Depending on his classification and preference, he may serve either in noncombatant military duty or in civilian duty.

### What are the CO classifications and what do they mean?

Persons classified I-A-O are drafted just like regular draftees, except that they do not train with arms, and are given noncombat assignments. Most men in this category are trained as medical attendants (med-

ics). The other CO classification is I-O, meaning the draftee is available for "civilian work contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest."

### What jobs are assigned to COs classified as I-O?

"Civilian work" assignments usually are in religious, private, and government hospitals; overseas medical missions; other government agencies; and private charitable agencies. Most conscientious objectors in this classification work as medical orderlies or aides. A few more varied agencies also are approved for CO work assignments. For example, COs can work for Methodist-related Goodwill Industries in almost any state; for the Inner City Methodist Mission Pilot Project in Baltimore; for the Mayo Clinic's department of biophysics and biophysical research in Rochester, Minn.; for Lybrook Navaho Mission in New Mexico.

### How are civilian work assignments made?

These are worked out between the individual and his local draft board. The registrant may indicate what type of work he prefers or wait for the board's assignment.

### How do you apply for classifica-

tion as a conscientious objector?

1. Register with your local Selective Service Board within five days after your 18th birthday (mandatory for every male U.S. citizen).

2. When you receive a classification questionnaire (Form No. 100) from your local board, you will have your first opportunity to declare yourself a CO. Use the questionnaire form to request Form No. 150, which is the form for conscientious objectors.

3. Complete Form No. 150. Be sure all questions are answered completely, and that the form is returned within the time limit provided. (You must specify at this time whether you are applying for exemption from "combatant training and service," or from "both combatant and noncombatant training and service.")

4. No further action is required. You will receive a Notice of Classification (Form No. 110), stating your draft status.

#### **Are requests for CO classification always granted?**

No. If your request was denied, you will be classified I-A, unless you are eligible for deferment on other grounds (such as II-S, student deferment). You may accept such lower classifications without jeopardizing your claim as a CO.

#### **Can a classification decision be appealed?**

Yes. You may request a meeting with your local draft board if you request it within 10 days of the mailing of the Notice of Classification. If the classification is still unacceptable, send a written notice of appeal (within 10 days of the mailing of the second classification notice) requesting that your case be brought before the Appeal Board. Sometimes another appeal can be made to the National Selective Service Appeal Board. In all appeals, the registrant has the right to ask the state or national Selective Service director to intervene on his behalf.

#### **What happens to people who refuse to be inducted?**

Some COs who have not been granted the classification they seek refuse to be inducted. This is a criminal offense, the maximum penalty for which is a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in prison.

#### **Can you escape the draft by going to Canada?**

Draft dodging is not an extradit-

able offense, and some have temporarily avoided military service by going over the border. This is illegal, though. If dodgers who have fled to Canada ever return to the United States, they can be prosecuted, even if they have become Canadian citizens.

#### **Can persons already serving in the armed forces become conscientious objectors and obtain a discharge as such?**

A 1962 Department of Defense directive makes provisions for such cases. A person seeking a discharge as a CO may obtain information from his commanding officer, his chaplain, and his church. He must submit a written request supported by information similar to that submitted by COs to their draft board. If the request is honored, he is ordinarily discharged "for the convenience of the government." But most requests currently are being denied. In 1966 and early 1967, 750 applications were made for CO discharges. Not one was honored, although 80 percent of such applications were honored in 1964.

#### **What does The Methodist Church say about conscientious objection?**

The Methodist Church "encourages both love of country and love of all men." The *Discipline* further states: "We recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his Christian conscience. We also recognize that nonviolent resistance can be a valid form of Christian witness. In all of these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church."

#### **Should a Methodist CO register as such with his church?**

Yes. The Division of Peace and World Order of the Board of Christian Social Concerns will register your objection to war. Certified copies of these registration cards will be provided for you to file with your local board, and indicate that you have registered your convictions with a responsible church agency. Often when objectors' cases are being appealed, the FBI will check with the Methodist office to verify a person's views and how long he has held them.

#### **Where can additional information about conscientious objection**

#### **and the draft rules be obtained?**

Your minister and local draft board should be able to provide you with some information. The following agencies provide helpful literature:

- Division of Peace and World Order, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, 100 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. Offers details of draft classification and work-assignment procedure; lists of government-approved Methodist agencies in which COs may work; a pamphlet titled *Let's Think About the Christian and Military Service* (15¢).

- National Service Board for Religious Objectors, 550 Washington Bldg., 15th and New York Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. NSBRO pamphlets include: *Civilian Work Agency List*, which gives all approved agencies for the employment of COs by state; *How to Fill in Form 150 for Conscientious Objectors*; *Questions and Answers on the Classification and Assignment of Conscientious Objectors*; *Sample Selective Service Forms*; and *Statements of Religious Bodies on the Conscientious Objector*.

- Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Two helpful leaflets are *The Non-Co-operator and the Draft*, cost 10¢; and *Handbook for Conscientious Objectors* (50¢).

- Presbyterian Service Committee for Religious Objectors, 830 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. Materials include: *To Be a Conscientious Objector*, free; *Packet for Conscientious Objectors*, with sample selective service forms and the Supreme Court opinion in the Seeger case and others (50¢).

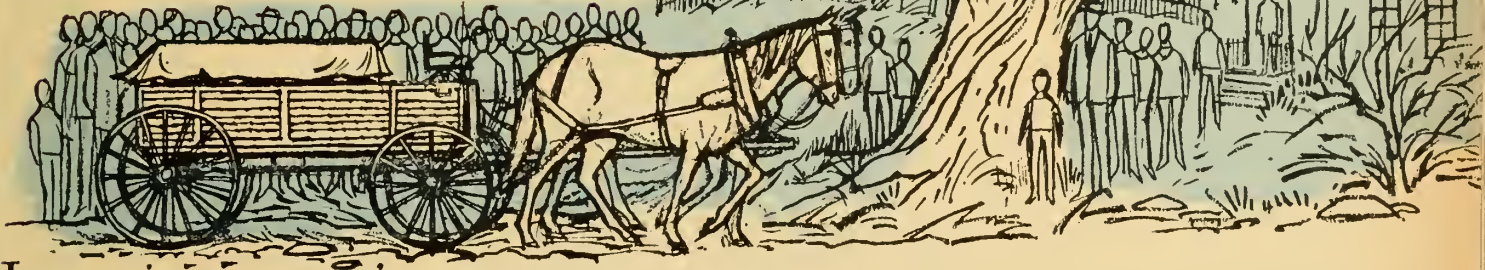
An excellent film for groups is *Alternatives*, a 24-minute, 16-mm. sound film in color. It includes art and live sequences showing COs at work and explains what conscientious objection is. It is available from some annual conference film libraries and from all Cokesbury Regional Service Centers.

A number of books discuss the Christian basis for pacifism. Among them are *The Dagger and the Cross* by Culbert G. Rutenber (\$1.50), *The New Testament Basis of Pacifism* by G. H. C. Macgregor (\$1.25), and *Christian Attitudes Toward War and Peace* by Roland H. Bainton (\$2.25). These books may be purchased from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, New York 10960. □



# The Old Hitching Tree

By EWART A. AUTRY



IT WAS A BLEAK March day when we hauled my father's body in a rickety wagon 12 miles to the burying ground beside the country church.

We were taking him back to the church where he had been pastor for so many years, back where he had preached his last sermon only a few short days before.

There had been other rides over the same road, joyous trips, with family songs and laughter. But there was no joy that March day as the wagon rolled on toward the cemetery. Toward the open grave. The rattling of the trace chains was like the tolling of bells, and the whine of wind in the pines was a dirge which would be forever sung.

Bitterness mingled with my sadness. The eldest of five children, I was scarcely grown, and I needed the silent one being borne on his last earthly journey. But that was not the cause of my bitterness. It had had its birth in things I had heard people say as they streamed through our house to view the body. "He shortened his own life," they had said, "by riding horseback through rain and sleet and snow to preach, to minister to the sick, and bury the dead."

That had been his life. I remembered lonely nights when my mother had kept vigil for his return home. I remembered especially the night of a terrific storm when we children had huddled around her like frightened sheep, terrorized by the lightning, the crashing thunder, and the roaring wind. The whole world had seemed afraid. Then came a lull, and we heard his song—faint at first, but growing louder as he rode down the hill, singing that we might know of his nearness and not be afraid.

His pay had been small. From one congregation he received only \$15 for an entire year of preaching. He often would ride 30 miles home from church on Sunday night, then be in the field plowing by dawn on Monday.

So he had shortened his life. What had he accomplished? Now he was dead and riding to his grave in a rickety wagon drawn by a team of lean horses.

The first green of spring was showing, and in fields we passed a few men were plowing—plowing as he had plowed, dreaming as he had dreamed. Mockingbirds sang in the treetops. The rattling of the traces and the solemn tread of the horses' hooves could not frighten them from their song.

What had he accomplished? As we came within sight of the church, that question returned over and over. Then I straightened in surprise. A panorama of horses and buggies

and wagons and cars and people stretched out in front of us. They filled the church and the yard and overflowed into the cemetery. As we slowly approached, men took off their hats; women and children wept. The scene was so foreign to the bitterness I had nurtured that I felt a strangling tightness in my throat.

At first, it seemed that all the hitching places were taken. Then I saw one. It was the old oak tree to which my father had hitched his horses so often. The crowd had left it vacant, knowing that even on this day he would need a hitching place. There was no need to turn the horses. Even though his hands were not on the reins, they knew his tree and quietly turned toward it.

Awed and humbled by the crowd, I scarcely heard the minister's eulogy. People from all walks of life were there, and all were weeping for one who had ridden through rain and sleet and snow to bring a message.

My bitterness had begun to vanish at the hitching tree. Now it was gone, washed away by the tears of the multitude.

While the grave was being filled, a man came up to me. I knew he once had been a wild and reckless drunkard. "I want to tell you something about your father," he began huskily. "I fell off my horse one night when I was riding home from town. I was too drunk to get up and try to catch my horse, so I just lay there. When your father came along, riding home from church, he got off his horse and talked with me and prayed for me. I was drunk, but not too drunk to listen and say 'Amen' when he finished. Then he caught my horse, helped me into the saddle, and led my horse home. That was the turning point in my life."

He stared a moment at the grave then turned away.

As we drove away from the old hitching tree, the rattling of the trace chains was like bells of victory, and the mockingbirds and the wind in the pines united in a triumphant chorus.

Now on Sabbath days I preach in the same pulpit where my father used to stand. As I preach, I can look outside and see the stone over his grave. And I can see the gnarled old hitching tree.

A picture of my father hangs on the wall, and in his face I see a look of victory. Perhaps it is the victory which came from riding to the old hitching tree through rain and sleet and snow. Or the victory of singing in the storms so that others might not be afraid. □





TAN SRI TEMENGGONG JUGAH ANAK BARIENG (right): A giant stride into civilization during his time.

ON DECEMBER 25, 1949, Tan Sri Temenggong Jugah anak Barieng was one of 29 men, women, and children who became the first Methodists among the Iban people of Sarawak on the island of Borneo. The 29 new Christians were baptized in the town of Kapit by veteran Methodist missionary Burr H. Baughman. Today, Jugah (his given name) is a member of the cabinet—minister for Sarawak affairs—in the federal government of the young nation of Malaysia. A natural leader, he represents an ethnic group which has vaulted into modern civilization within his own lifetime.

A translation of the Iban leader's name helps to explain his position of importance. "Tan Sri" is an honorary title conferred sparingly by the Malaysian king and corresponds to knighthood; "Temenggong" designates Jugah as paramount chief of the Iban (Sea Dyak) people. His given name is followed by "anak [child of] Barieng [his father's name]" by Iban custom.

Temenggong Jugah is chairman of the Pesaka political party which, with its allies, presently holds majority power in the government. As the Ibans' chief spokesman, he is determined that his people will have a strong voice in the multiracial Malaysian federation. Though he has had no schooling, his son, Linggi, is studying in Great Britain and will return home as one of the few Ibans in Sarawak with university training.

Though his present schedule in government affairs

## UNUSUAL Methodists

keeps Temenggong Jugah from being as active as formerly in the church, his interest remains strong. Recently, when the Chinese, Tamils, Ibans, and other Malaysians who compose the four annual conferences of the Malaysia-Singapore Area agreed to discuss establishing an autonomous Methodist Church, he invited the structure committee to meet at his residence. Dates set for establishing the autonomous church are August 14-25, if the Uniting Conference in Dallas approves the move this month. The step is a big one for the Ibans.

Of those early days, Mr. Baughman recalls, "Frequently when I spoke to groups of Ibans and asked if they wished to make a decision for Christ, they would ask, 'What other Ibans have become Christians?' When I could point to Temenggong Jugah and other chiefs, the response came, 'If our leaders think this is good, we can be easy at heart as we follow them.'" □





EMMA RATHBUN: More than groceries on her shelves.

IN CLARK FORK, Idaho (population 450), where there is a tavern for each church, Mrs. Emma Rathbun's store is a community gathering place—and a culture center. Mrs. Rathbun has stocked some of the shelves in her large and well-equipped general mercantile store with more than groceries, soft goods, and hardware.

In one corner she has made available to patrons her private collection of more than 1,000 books, including a complete set of *The Interpreter's Bible*. Patrons of the lending library come from a 25-mile radius, and it is so popular that a part-time librarian (her pastor's wife, Mrs. Donald W. Baldwin) is required. The widowed storekeeper also shares with "anyone who wants to learn" her artistry in ceramics, teaching them to make everything from tiny animals to large vases from native clay.

Always eager to learn more new skills, Mrs. Rathbun busied herself recently with lessons in painting, using both oils and watercolors. She hooks rugs; plants new and experimental shrubs, garden plants, and flowers; raises quail and pheasant; is a camera fan, and has led in "packaging" for servicemen on military duty overseas. As a special project at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, she turns the lunch counter of her store into a dining table and invites elderly single persons in the community to share a meal with her. Members of her church, Clark Fork Methodist, help with the serving. Mrs. Rathbun is a church-school teacher, lay speaker, secretary-treasurer of the Woman's Society, church steward, Cub Scout Den mother, director of the Idaho Food Dealers, and a member of the Rod and Gun Club. Surrounded by good fishing country, she has done much to publicize it through the Clark Fork-Hope Chamber of Commerce. □



CARL STOKES: A man ahead of sociologists' schedule.

FIFTEEN OR 20 years ago sociologists and demographers were predicting that a Negro would be elected mayor of a large U.S. city, possibly as early as 1970. The predictions were three years off. Last fall, Carl Burton Stokes was elected mayor of Cleveland, eighth largest city in the country. He won by a slim margin, but he proved "it can be done."

Democrat Stokes, great-grandson of a slave, defeated Republican Seth C. Taft, grandson of a president, William Howard Taft (1909-1913). To win the election in a city where riots swept through streets of one of the Negro areas in 1966, Mayor Stokes had to garner most of the Negro votes (he got 96 percent), and approximately 20 percent of the white votes (he got 19 percent).

At one time Mayor Stokes considered entering the ministry, but finally decided to become a lawyer. He earned two degrees—a B.S. in law from the University of Minnesota, while working as a dining-car waiter (and winning the university's billiards championship), and an L.L.B. from Cleveland-Marshall Law School by attending at night and working days as a court probation officer. Elected a state representative in 1962, he twice won reelection. He tried for the Cleveland mayor's post as an independent in 1965 but lost by a narrow margin to incumbent Mayor Ralph S. Locher. He beat Mr. Locher in the primary last October.

The Rev. Robert W. Kelley, minister of Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, says of Mayor Stokes: "This man indeed has a deep compassion for human need." An active member of Mount Pleasant Church, Mayor Stokes has served as chairman of the commission on Christian social concerns. □





*Handicapped minister Roger Arnett, right, cheers up Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Roszell at Ann Arbor's Whitehall Homes.*

# Four Wheels, No Brakes

By DOROTHY CLARKE WILSON

IT WAS a little before eight on a Saturday morning. The station wagon finished its 20-mile dash along a crowded Michigan turnpike and pulled up in front of a nursing home in a Detroit suburb.

The Rev. Roger Arnett already had completed a 40-hour week at the Willow Run Laboratories of the University of Michigan. But the work he considered his most important had barely begun. As minister to the handicapped in Methodism's Ann Arbor District, he easily could have spent seven 12-hour days at this fascinating and demanding job, not just evenings and weekends. A pity a man has to earn a living!

He opened the ear door on the opposite side and with a powerful thrust of his arm lowered his folded wheelchair from ear floor to curb. Dragging himself across the seat, he straightened out the wheelchair, carefully arranged on its seat the pillow and two rubber rings he had been sitting on and attached the chair to the car by means of an iron rod curved at each end (this last precaution the result of a bad fall years ago when the chair slipped). Then, by the strength of his arms and shoulders, he propelled his half-inert body, paralyzed from the waist down, from car to wheelchair—a process he would repeat many times that day.

Some residents of the home were still lingering over breakfast. As he wheeled into the dining room, Roger's blue eyes kindled sparks, and his somewhat somber features broke into a beaming smile.

"Morning, all of you, and a beautiful morning it is. If you don't believe it, just look out the window."

Brightened faces around the room obviously were inspired more by his presence than the fresh air and sunshine. This early morning stop, Roger had discovered, gave him a wonderful opportunity for informal visits with his parishioners before calling on the more seriously handicapped in their rooms.

There was another reason for



coming early. It was the time of day when many needed a little extra help. In one room there was Joe, a paralytic. He had just turned over and his legs were misplaced. Roger straightened his feet. In another room, George, a paraplegic like himself, was irrigating his bladder and needed help.

Wheeling to another room down the hall Roger helped Mr. Silvers, who had suffered a paralytic stroke, get into his trousers. But most of all, Mr. Silvers wanted someone to talk to—someone who understood his frustrating speech problem and would wait patiently for him to express himself.

After 2½ hours visiting perhaps a hundred persons, Roger drove to a smaller home five miles away. Here he made longer calls on a few residents he had come to know well.

There was Lloyd, a young quadriplegic of 19, disabled for four years and desperately eager for company. "Chess?" he begged. "Just one game?" Roger could not refuse.

Then there was Eddie, gray head bent intently as usual over his worktable, arthritic fingers slowed but still skillfully laboring over one of the small electrical repair jobs they once had done so well.

Roger stopped to watch. "Good work, Eddie! I sure do admire anybody who has such a knack with these delicate tools!" The intently frowning features broke into a warm smile.

It was early afternoon when Roger left this home. After eating his usual lunch in the car—sandwich, apple, and milk—he drove 15 miles to a home where many residents are Negroes. In the long lounge, he found a row of men ranged side by side against one wall—some watching television, some nodding, a few mumbling to each other, most just sitting.

"Hiya, fellas!" called Roger with a wave of his hand.

The men stirred to life. Dulled faces brightened. Hands waved. One man wheeled to meet him and began to pour out his troubles.

Here again Roger found long-time friends as he whisked through the corridors.

"Got a story for me today, Mrs. Fraulein?"

"Yah, that I have. I've been sav-

ing it. Have you heard the one about . . ."

In one room Roger found four women, all cheerful and smiling—one a Baptist, one a Presbyterian, one a Lutheran, one a Catholic. When he offered a short prayer, knowing that in this room it would be appreciated, all heads were bowed, all hands folded—even the ones holding the rosary.

That day he had brought copies of *The Upper Room* devotional booklet, and during his calls he gave them out to those he knew would welcome them.

He visited still another home that afternoon, then returned to his own residence in Belleville.

There he ate a hurried dinner, packed his station wagon with hymnbooks, record player, taped orchestral and choir repertoire, and departed with his wife LaVerna to another nearby nursing home where he has conducted a worship service one Saturday evening each month for many years.

Returning home about eight, he went immediately to bed, impelled not so much by fatigue as by the paraplegic's need to relieve the pressures which come with long periods of sitting. But his work day was not over.

There were telephone calls—to his secretary with directions for the next service's bulletin; to the sister of John, who was unhappy in his nursing home.

There was a visit from Virginia—distraught because doctors wanted to amputate her small son's club foot. Roger did not advise her. It had to be her decision. But he did tell her of people he knew who had adjusted well to amputation.

An unusual Saturday? Not at all. For some 15 years, Roger Arnett has been devoting all his "spare" time to such work, visiting the residents of 18 different homes and hospitals. He would gladly make it a full-time job, but lacks funds.

The passionate and tireless concern with which Roger pursues his special ministry is rooted deep in his own experience. He has paid dearly for the empathy that enables him to share fully the loneliness, the problems, the frustrations, the heartaches of the handicapped.

Back in 1929, as a shy, awkward,

rawboned youth of 21, Roger had yearned passionately to become a teacher. He was an obscure, struggling freshman at Michigan Normal College when a track coach saw him run in a routine physical education class. Almost overnight his life was changed.

ARNETT SETS NEW FOUR-MILE MARK ON LOCAL COURSE . . .

ARNETT LEADS TEAMMATES TO THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP . . .

Headlines flashed across Michigan and neighboring states as he broke records right and left in track and cross-country events. To his amazement he became a campus star and was engaged to marry one of the most popular and brilliant girls on campus. The future turned dazzling bright with promise, not only of romance and a coveted teaching career but, more immediately, of competition in the 1932 Olympic Games.

Then tragedy struck.

En route to a track meet at the University of Notre Dame in March of 1931, his car skidded in a snowstorm, overturned, crushing his spinal cord.

After long months of alternating hope and depression, he was forced to face the truth that he would never walk again.

Understandably, perhaps, Roger's fiancée broke their engagement. He succumbed to bitter self-pity and despair. He did not know at the time that doctors had given him less than a year to live.

But the dogged pertinacity that had kept him running when strength and even will were gone was not dead. Grimly he fought for survival in a day when medical knowledge of paraplegia and its treatment was almost nil. He battled with plugged tubes, infections, and pressure sores to develop—through trial and error—his own techniques of living.

Finally, ambition stirred again. One day he noticed the morning glories his mother had planted at the foot of a clothesline post. They had climbed up the rough old wood, crept along its weather-beaten arms, and turned it into a living cross of heavenly blue.

"I'm like that post," he thought with a flash of insight. "I can be a



piece of dead wood or I can plant something that will give at least a semblance of life."

He went back to college in his wheelchair and was graduated. Then, because no one would hire him as a teacher, he took an office job that paid \$12 a week.

To improve his chances for advancement, he hired LaVerna Bowen, a young schoolteacher, to teach him bookkeeping. They fell in love. After a tumultuous courtship, complicated by the shocked opposition of well-meaning relatives and friends, they were married. Despite the adjustments and the frequent crises that are the bane of the paraplegic's life, LaVerna and Roger are able to live a near normal, extremely happy life.

In time they adopted three children—a boy of 10, a little girl, and a baby. For some years LaVerna continued her teaching, furnishing the larger part of the family income, and they bought a home.

But Roger found even this dependence galling, his work as a low-paid clerk frustrating. He longed for work that was not only more remunerative but more creative. First as a hobby, then with all the zeal of his intense nature, he began raising gladiolus. He became fascinated with crossbreeding the flowers, creating new varieties, all of which he discovered could be managed from his wheelchair.

The hobby turned into a full-time occupation and, finally, into a multithousand dollar business.

The Arnetts moved to a house with larger acreage in Michigan, then to a big farm in Indiana. Several of Roger's crossings were recognized as outstanding. One, White Challenge, won many grand championships, while Nancy received the highest possible honor—the American Home Achievement Award.

The work demanded the utmost in physical resources and ingenuity. He had to devise his own techniques and equipment. A motor scooter with an old wheelchair attached to its sidecar and operated with hand controls pulled him around the fields, its wheels straddling the rows of bulbs and bulbets. When a tractor became necessary, he devised a boatswain's

slings with block and tackle for hoisting himself into the seat.

Still, he found time for another interest—work with and for the handicapped. He spent hours organizing chapters of the American Federation of the Physically Handicapped. Often after a day's work he would drive many miles to meet with such a group or travel long hours by car or plane for a committee meeting in Washington, D.C.

The challenge of such service became more and more insistent. He knew finally that the raising of gladiolus, even the creation of new beauty, was not enough. He wanted to work with *people*.

Could he possibly become a minister? He was determined to try.

Returning to Michigan, he secured a full-time job, this time one worthy of his training and ability, then enrolled in courses at Wayne State University in Detroit and received a master's degree in special education. He took the ministry courses provided by the Detroit Annual Conference and was ordained a deacon, then an elder in The Methodist Church. Through the support of a fellow minister, Albert E. Hartoog—one of the few who shared his vision—he was able to realize his dream of becoming, at least part-time, a minister to the handicapped.

**R**OGER Arnett's triumph over his own disability is a saga of incredible courage and faith. The common curses of the paraplegic have hounded him constantly.

Soon after marriage he had a bout with tuberculosis, fortunately concluded almost by a miracle. He has had a leg amputated and a kidney removed. Operation has followed operation, many of them apparently dead ends. Months, totaling years, have been spent in hospitals. Once one of his doctors marveled: "I declare, you live in spite of our expectations."

He bounces back from every crisis with a bit less resilience but a smile as broad as ever and sparkling blue eyes undimmed. And again the wheelchair charges up and down ramps and zips through corridors and around corners with that reckless abandon that once

almost got him a cup of hot coffee in the face. Even the hospital episodes, like his handicap, have been used as a means of ministry. Ask Frank Aymer.

"There's a boy I wish you could talk with," a young male nurse once said to Roger. "He's only 21, was in a horrible accident, and broke his back just like you. He doesn't want to live."

"I know," said Roger grimly. "I'd like to see him."

There was one difficulty, the nurse explained. Frank was harboring a dangerous staph germ and was in isolation. No one was allowed to see him.

Soon Roger was discharged from the hospital to continue treatment for his own infection, with the understanding that he would return the following Wednesday. He did not forget Frank Aymer. How could he reach him? Suddenly he knew the answer.

Cheeking in at the hospital on Wednesday, he asked to be put in the same room with the young man.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Aymer is in isolation."

"I know. I still want to be put there."

It took all his powers of persuasion and the reluctant permission of his own doctor to get his way. But the results were worth it. True, the assistance he was able to give the boy was largely in the nature of friendship and encouragement, for in recent years knowledge of paraplegia and techniques of rehabilitation had developed at an astonishing pace. But braces and strengthening devices were as essential for the spirit as for the body. It was enough that when he left, the boy could smile, if a bit crookedly, and wave a game goodbye.

"See ya, fella," Roger waved back, "—at the race track."

"Yeah, you said it. That's a good one. At the race track."

Was it bitter irony or happy coincidence that Roger Arnett's first track competition back in his college days was dubbed "handicap race"?

Whichever it was, he is still running it—and winning. □

Author Wilson recently wrote a book, *Handicap Race* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95), which is a biography of the Rev. Roger Arnett.—EDITORS



# Old Parsonage, New Role



*The parsonage now shelters troubled teens.*

A CASUAL passerby never would guess that the time-worn ex-parsonage beside First Methodist Church in Boulder, Colo., shelters young law-breakers. There are no bars on the windows and no locks on the doors.

Attention Home, a civic shelter for troubled young people, sprang from a movement begun by the church next door. Its volunteer staff includes many Methodist workers, and the board which maintains it is well laced with Methodists. One of them is First Church's pastor, the Rev. Ralph Henard, who helped negotiate the group's \$1-a-year lease with the church.

For the young delinquents assigned to it by the Boulder County Court, Attention Home is the alternative to county jail. Some of them are in trouble with the law; some are waiting to be assigned to foster homes. All desperately need to live in a different environment while the court decides their fates.

Judge Horace B. Holmes, juvenile-case administrator, put it simply: "At Attention Home these troubled youngsters are getting attention which is what we think they badly need. They are not being held involuntarily as at a traditional detention home; this is a positive, not a negative, approach to the delinquency problem. Here we can find out something about their personalities, and we can plan for their futures while we're not under pressure to get them out of jail."

Two recent Attention Home residents point out the truth of Judge Holmes's words. Before she joined the Job Corps, Laura (not her real name) spent three months in the home. Before that she had been in juvenile quarters in the county jail.

"In jail there wasn't much to do besides yell at the boys or hammer on the walls to attract their attention," Laura said.

During her stay at the home she

worked a 40-hour week at a school for retarded children, just to be active.

Fifteen-year-old Jack also was in the jail before he was admitted to Attention Home. "Up there you don't do anything but lay around," he said. "Most of the talk was about breaking out or fighting."

But at Attention Home, Jack, like the other residents, was part of an active family headed by a young couple acting as houseparents. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rosser were the couple in charge for most of the home's first year. Recently they were succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamm. Their assignment is to provide, in the two-story brick residence, a homelike atmosphere for the four to six boys and girls who are under their care at any one time. The youngsters either attend school or work during the day. Evenings and weekends, they participate in normal family routines of work and recreation.

Presently, both boys and girls live at the Attention Home, but eventually it is expected to be used only for boys with girls assigned to the Elmer Frasier Home, recently established by the Attention Home directors.

There have been some disciplinary problems in the home's relaxed atmosphere but not nearly as many as might have been expected. Bill Rosser pointed out proudly that during the first six months, only one of some dozen youths assigned there had to be expelled.

The campaign to establish Attention Home began a little more than a year ago in First Methodist's current problems class. Class teacher John Hargadine, Boulder County's chief juvenile officer, focused the class members' attention on the county's desperate need for adequate juvenile facilities. "We've got to become socially concerned, not only with words but with deeds," he told them, and

they rallied to his words. Mr. Hargadine and three other Methodists, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Correll and Warren Jamieson, made arrangements to use the empty parsonage and organized a corporation-like board to conduct a drive for redecoration funds. They chose the home's name.

To launch the fund drive, Mr. Hargadine toured Boulder area churches, spoke of the need and the plan, and enlisted aid. Board members held a collection container drive, and solicited the support of area clubs, businesses, and individuals. Mrs. Phyllis Olson and her committee began serving weekly luncheons at the church, and these continue to be one of Attention Home's steadiest sources of maintenance income. Besides the thousands of hours of volunteer labor, it costs about \$10,000 a year to run.

Some Boulder residents have asked, Why not just build a professionally staffed juvenile hall and be done with it? To this John Hargadine replies:

"We do need a residential treatment center for serious delinquency cases, but there will always be a need for an Attention Home, too. The greatest untapped resource we have in this country is the human resource. The volunteer program is an effective way to tackle this social problem. It is important to the kids and it is important to the workers to have some 100 to 150 people involved meaningfully. These people need to give themselves and the youths need their help."

And why did First Methodist become so involved with this civic project? "Because we're interested in people," says Pastor Henard. "We're particularly absorbed in this youth problem since there is no community provision to meet it. To me our job is not to duplicate what is being done but to pioneer in unmet needs."

—BRUCE M. WILKINSON



# The Real Presence

By HARRY T. COOK II

Methodist Minister and Education Consultant,  
Christ Church (Episcopal), Detroit, Michigan

CAN YOU IMAGINE how the first disciples of Jesus must have felt after their leader's death? That might have been the end of their movement.

Instead, a few people were set on fire by an event which memory did not dim but intensified, so that it has remained at the center of the corporate Christian memory to our day. The New Testament has been the repository of that memory.

## *Why the New Testament?*

If anyone were to ask why the New Testament was written, you could safely say that it was written because of the resurrection experience of a small band

of apostles. Whatever it was that took place after the death of Jesus, it profoundly affected the disciples.

Since the early Christians were Jews, and because the Jewish mind always expresses itself in concrete terms, the early Christian community did not talk about an abstract victory of life over death. They talked about a risen Lord.

How else could the disciples have explained their paradoxical joy? In the midst of death they *rejoiced*.

Their entire corporate life had been bound up with the man Jesus. Even after he was killed, this

Illustration reprinted by permission from motive. Copyright © 1963 by the Division of Higher Education.—EDITORS



Jesus was alive to them. They felt just as they had when Jesus was still their leader. So they declared sincerely, "Jesus is risen!"

The earliest statements were more subjective. Mary Magdalene is reported as saying, "I have seen the Lord!" When Peter and Paul spoke of the Easter experience, they said, "The Lord appeared to me." Or more directly, "I saw Jesus." Notice that neither one said that Jesus was there for everyone to see.

There are no modern theories to explain how Jesus could have been resurrected physically from his grave. Yet, at the very least, we must admit that Jesus was alive in another equally important sense to those early followers who continued in faithfulness to him.

Since then, Jesus has become alive and present to millions who have joined themselves to the church and sought to be Christians by acknowledging Christ as Lord of their lives. They have remembered something that others have forgotten, or never knew.

### *How Is Jesus Present?*

Exactly how, then, was Jesus present to the disciples? And how is he present today?

The story of the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, in the Gospel according to Luke, reflects the early church's belief that the real presence of the risen Lord is best apprehended in the context of the sacrament of Holy Communion.

In Luke's story, Cleopas and another disciple were walking to Emmaus. They met Jesus on the way but did not recognize him. Having observed the two in earnest conversation, Jesus asked what they were discussing. Expressing some surprise that he did not know, they told him about his own crucifixion and the drama which preceded and followed it. Also they confessed to him their lack of understanding of those events.

Then Jesus, beginning with Moses and the prophets, interpreted to them the events recounted in Scripture concerning the coming of Christ. Still the two did not recognize him.

It was not until they sat down together to eat supper that they knew Jesus. And then they remembered.

The Gospel narrative indicates that these two disciples lived in Emmaus, and that it was probably their own house to which they had invited Jesus. How strange that Jesus should usurp the host's privilege of blessing and breaking the bread!

But the point of the story, at least for Luke and his sector of the early church, is that the ritual of breaking bread was equal in value to the preaching of the Word as a vehicle through which the slain Jesus could continue to be known as alive and present.

The Last Supper had a tremendous impact upon the disciples, once they realized that it had been the last meal they had eaten with Jesus.

Soon they recalled his symbolic speaking about the bread and wine—how the bread was, like his body, to be broken. And how the wine was, like his blood, to be poured out. They recalled his instruction: "Do

this in remembrance of me." Bread and wine were the most common of all foods in the first century. So whenever the disciples sat down at the table they could not help remembering Jesus and the significance of the Last Supper.

They remembered that Jesus' life was like the bread: broken and shared with others. They saw in and through Jesus that death and sacrifice are what life at its best is all about. And it was in the breaking of the bread that this truth was clearly brought home to them.

### *What Good Is Memory?*

Some persons, understandably, object to this interpretation on the ground that memory is just a trick the mind plays. Modern psychology, however, has discovered that memory is more than mere mental trickery. Poignant and realistic memory often can influence human action to a greater extent than actual events.

It was memory of their past history—those great events in which God acted to save them—that sustained the Jews through many eras of bitter suppression. A people so mutilated as the Jews were by Nazi Germany could not have survived without a vital faith in a reality which is unseen.

Memory is a very real form of knowledge. Memory, in fact, may be one of the most Godlike facets of our human nature. It may be that our intellectual and spiritual selves resemble most closely what is called "the image of God."

Today many conceive of God as that ultimate power and wisdom which is not affected by the limits of time and space. Therefore, what is past, present, and future to us is to him one great *now*. "A thousand years in thy sight are as but yesterday when it is past."

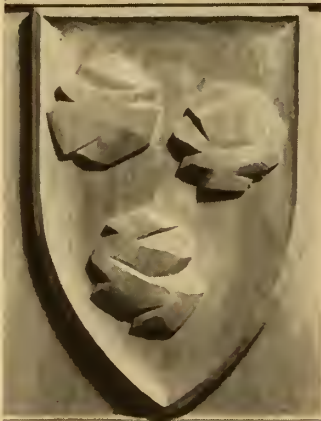
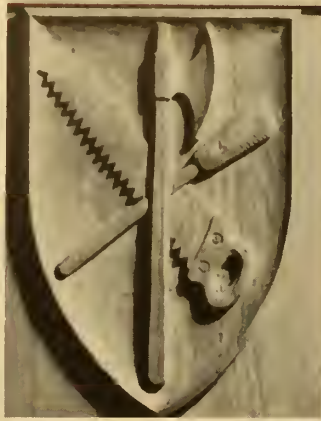
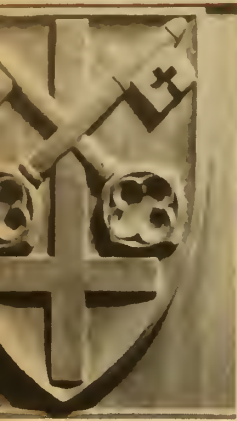
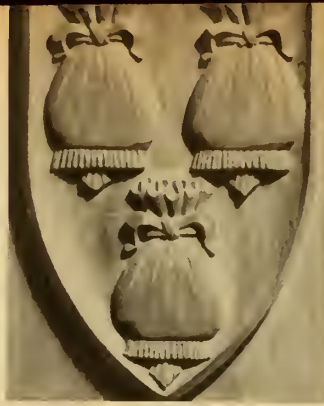
What seems to be past and gone to our finite minds is, in God's greater sight, not past and gone at all, but present—for example, Jesus and all others who have died in faith. Jesus is present among us as a corporate memory—the memory kept alive for us by the scriptural witness and by the life of the church.

When we "do this in remembrance of me," as Jesus said, do not say it is *only* a memorial. Say it is *eminently* a memorial. Memory is our Godlike way of knowing. It helps us to transcend the limits of space and time.

If we cannot see how Jesus was physically raised from his grave, we can understand that Peter, John, and Mary *saw* Jesus—not as a resurrected specter but as Lord of their lives. In death, he had shown them how to live.

Do not say that Jesus is not alive today. He lives and is present among us as that vital, living memory which constrains us to give of ourselves as he gave of himself. This is not to be taken lightly. It means that, if it becomes necessary, we are willing to be broken as he was broken and as the communion bread is broken—in remembrance of Him. □

Symbols on choir screens in the chapel at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., represent the apostles. Eight of them are: Matthew, money bags; Peter, keys and cross; Simon, ax, saw, and oar; Jude, boat; Thomas, carpenter's square, spears, and arrows; James the Less, stones; Mathias, book and battle-ax; James the Great, scallop shells.



# SYMBOLS OF OUR FAITH

✝ Symbols are the basic language of Christianity. In the Bible, profound statements of faith are expressed in symbols—words or actions that point to the unseeable, unexpressible fundamental reality. Christian rituals and sacraments such as Communion or Baptism are symbolic expressions of our belief; so are the words and music of our hymns, and even the design and decoration of our churches. In times past, visual symbols such as those used in painting, sculpture, and stained glass were the only “Bible” illiterates could read. Today, most Christians can read, but we need to discover afresh the beauty of non-verbal symbols that express and enrich our faith.

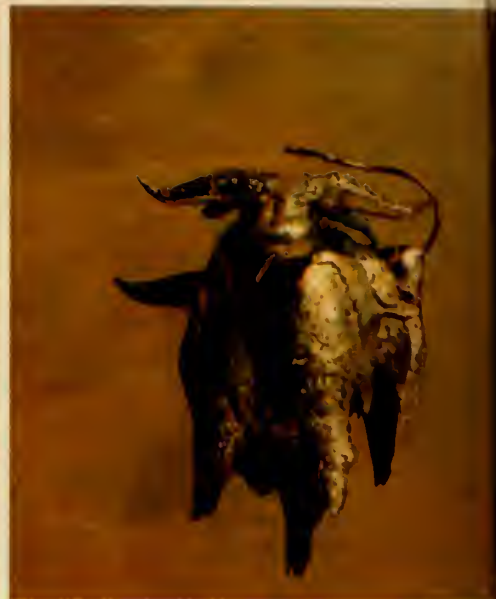


**T**HROUGH THE centuries, men have used many symbols for Jesus Christ, who himself symbolized the way, the truth, and the life. The best-loved of our symbols for him is the Good Shepherd. Conversely, he is known as the Lamb of God because he was sacrificed on the cross and triumphed over death. Early Christians, who had to meet in great secrecy, used the sign of the fish for Christ. Outside a pagan house, the fish meant a funeral banquet was being held inside. Outside a Christian house, it was a sign that the Lord's Supper would be celebrated there that night. The early Chris-

tians also used combinations of letters to stand for Christ. The monogram IHC, or IHS, probably appears in Protestant churches today more often than any other symbol except the cross. Either combination is an abbreviation of the Greek name for Jesus. Another monogram is XP, the Chi-Rho, the first two letters in the Greek name for Christ. With the dove, symbol of the Holy Spirit, the Chi-Rho symbolizes Jesus' baptism. Sometimes symbols are complex. The symbolic design over the door of a Methodist church in Colorado, for instance, combines dove and Chi-Rho with cross and crook.

*The Chi-Rho, shepherd's crook, cross, and dove are combined on a wall of the Methodist Church, Thornton, Colo.*





*The balcony rail of First Methodist Church, Harvard, Ill., bears brass figures representing the four evangelists: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.*



THE WRITERS of the four Gospels are known as the evangelists, and each has his symbol. We recognize the winged man as Matthew, the winged lion as Mark, the winged ox as Luke, and the eagle as John. Authorities disagree on the reasons behind this symbolism, just as they disagree on the identities of the evangelists. Even the early Christians used to interchange the symbols. We know, however, that the symbolism of the dove goes back to Genesis: Noah sent the dove from the ark to see if the floodwaters had receded. The law of Moses declared the dove to be pure, and the Jews used doves as an offering for purification after the birth

*High on the chancel wall of the Harvard church is a brass "Burning Brand," symbol of the fiery Word of God, also of John Wesley, rescued from a burning parsonage at the age of five.*





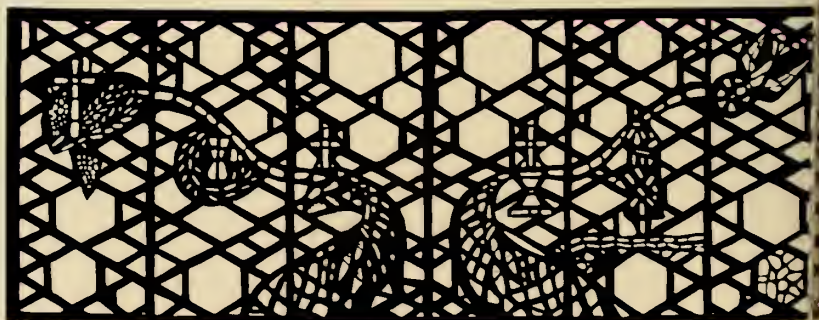
of children. In the New Testament, the dove appears as the symbol for the Holy Spirit. Fire, too, has been considered as a purifying force in the traditions of many faiths. Christians speak of the fiery word of God, which cleanses and purifies. Flame has another, special, meaning to Methodists. John Wesley, from whom Methodism sprang, was rescued from a burning parsonage as a child and ever afterwards referred to himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." The well-known sculptor Clark B. Fitz-Gerald created fresh, handmade versions of all these symbols for the sanctuary of the First Methodist Church of Harvard, Ill.



*A dove on the cover of the baptismal font at Harvard's First Church symbolizes the Holy Spirit, which descended upon Jesus "like a dove" when he was baptized by John the Baptist.*



*Reredos panels for the First Methodist Church, Virginia, Minn., were designed by Universal Glass Studios.*







FOR MANY OF US, our first recognition of symbolism came in the luminous light of a stained-glass window. If it was during a worship service and the sermon was not holding our attention, we may have traced all the window's leadings with our eyes, responded with a lift of the heart to its jewel-like radiance falling on pews and worshipers, and then wondered what all those elements in its design really meant. This is an experience shared by worshipers dating back even to the 12th century. It was then that builders of the great Gothic cathedrals discovered the skeletons of their buildings were strong enough to support the structural weight, and wall areas that had seemed essential could be used instead for windows. From there it was a natural step to fill the windows with imagery and color, and in consequence the interiors of French cathedrals are bathed in a light whose beauty defies description. In the 800 years that have passed since, styles of church architecture have come and gone, but stained glass has not lost favor. Church architects today use it as an integral part of the architectural design. Richard Lenci and Associates did this in the First Methodist Church of Virginia, Minn. The stained-glass reredos panels behind the altar are a flowing tapestry of light that tell the story of life as part of the family of God by using traditional religious symbols in a contemporary way. The rainbow-colored chips of glass set in concrete form part of the wall behind the altar. Thus, they are before worshipers always, constant reminder of the rich heritage of religious symbolism that tradition has given us.

panels (left to right) symbolize the spirit of Communion, in wheat and grapes; the passion of Our Lord, in a cup crowned with thorns; the Lord's Supper, in cross and loaves; salvation, in net and fishes; Baptism of the individual, in the flow of the Holy Spirit to cup and cross; the Living Water; the Chi-Rho; the Baptism of Christ, in the dove signifying the Holy Spirit and water flowing on the Chi-Rho; and creation and perfection, in the hexagonal theme that is repeated throughout the design.



*Parable of the Lost Sheep.  
Banner for the third Sunday  
after Pentecost.*



*"Go and be reconciled..."  
Banner for the fifth Sunday  
after Pentecost.*



*Christ the King. Eyes and wings  
above the figure of Jesus represent  
the descent of the Holy Spirit.*

**L**ITURGICAL banners in Protestant churches! They would have been unthinkable in the early days of Protestantism. But banners now are among the most colorful and lively products of the interest in religious art bubbling in so many Protestant churches today. Methodist churches even hold banner-making workshops. The goal is the kind of joyous spontaneity found in the Mary MacDonald

Ludgin Memorial Collection of Liturgical Banners. These interpretations of Bible stories, parables, and events in Christian history brighten the interior of the imposing but somber Rockefeller Memorial Chapel at the University of Chicago. Canadian artist Norman Laliberte created them for display in the Vatican Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, 1964-65.





Banners in the University of Chicago's Rockefeller Memorial Chapel celebrate (left to right): The Great Commission; "Take up your bed and walk..."—the revival of Jairus' daughter, for the 18th Sunday after Pentecost; and Martyrs of the Church. Each banner has a different design on the reverse side.

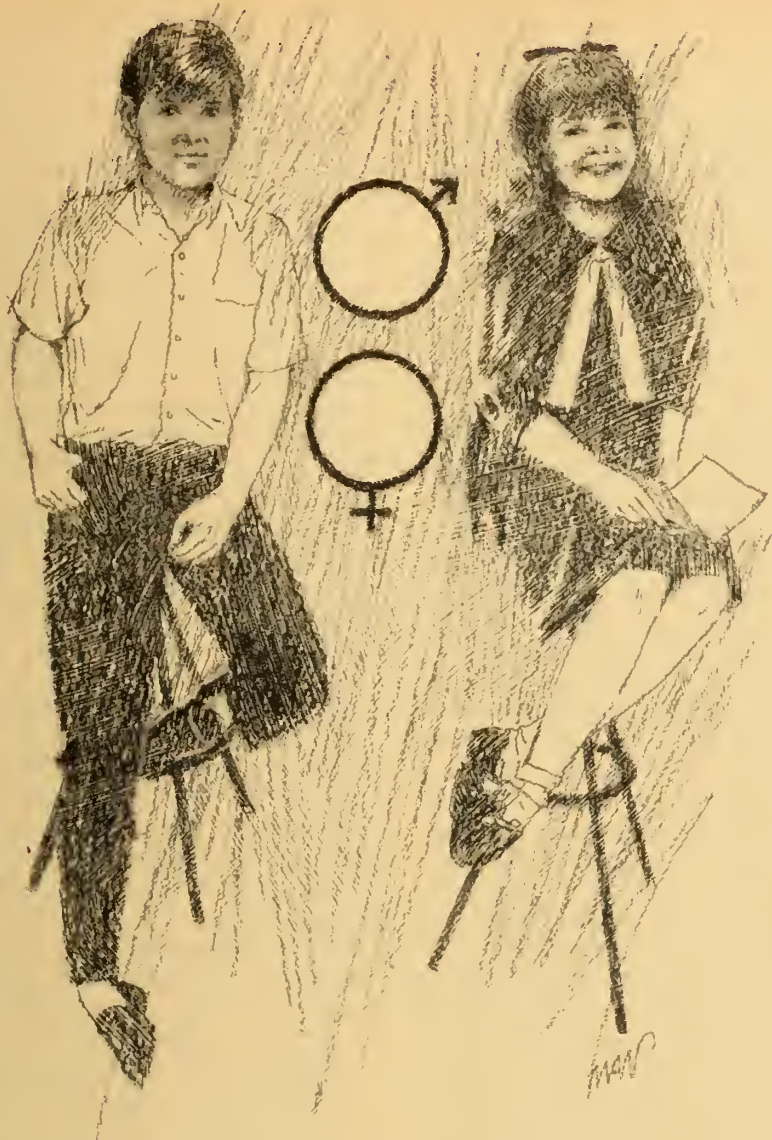


ARTISTS for the church today are seeking inspiration in her traditions and are expressing old concepts in new forms. But these old symbols of our faith speak the language of an agrarian people ruled by kings and princes. Is this the language for the atomic age? Many thoughtful Christians believe not. New Christian symbols, they feel, must emerge to speak to us with the same relevance the old symbols spoke to our fathers. Only so will we be able to look through the symbols to the ultimate truth of their meaning. —HELEN JOHNSON

*A woolen tapestry behind the altar of Academy Methodist Church, Harvey, Ill., interprets 1 John 4:10: "In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the expiation for our sins." Designer Robert Pinart used the cross, the crown of thorns, the dove, and numerous other Christian symbols in it.*







HOW TO DEVELOP

# Healthy Sex Attitudes

IN YOUR CHILDREN

By DALE WHITE, Associate General Secretary  
Division of Alcohol Problems and General Welfare  
Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns

**F**EW TASKS bother parents more than talking with their children about sex. Children are well aware of this. One study showed that young people found 36 other topics *easier* to discuss with their parents.

Even today, most young people I meet at church youth retreats on sex in Christian living say their parents *never* have talked with them about sex. A high proportion say *nobody* has talked with them about sex—except, of course, friends their own age.

"But what will I say?" parents whine. In a certain sense, it doesn't really matter what parents say, or whether they say anything at all. In another sense, it matters quite a bit. But before getting into that, we need to ask what parents want for their children in the area of sex and marriage.

## What Should They Know?

What do we really want our young people to be and do sexually? What goals would we seek for them through sex education?

Most parents, above all, want their youngsters to behave themselves sexually. They worry about premarital intercourse. They worry even more about premarital pregnancy. Even sex-education courses often do not relieve parental anxieties. "They had that sex-education program in the school," a neighborhood gossip may report, "and afterward *three girls* got pregnant!"

Such fears of misbehavior are realistic, at least in part. An estimated quarter million babies were born to unmarried girls last year—and some say that figure would be much higher if the full truth were known. In the past, the "good" families have reassured themselves by

believing that only poor, ignorant, or emotionally damaged young people got into such a fix. Today we know better. Studies show that the most rapid increases in illegitimacy rates in recent years are among affluent, privileged families. Fortunately, the community no longer crucifies young people in trouble. Still, few exigencies threaten such drastic disruptions of emotions and vocations as out-of-wedlock pregnancy.

Parents fret also over the romantic images which capture the imaginations of their children. Church families in quiet small towns and suburbs are horrified to see their younger members identify with the music and the symbols of the hippie culture. The young person who, in an earlier generation, would have wanted to run away and join the circus now may threaten to take up with some colony of those who have "tuned in, turned on, dropped out, or copped out." He likes to dance wild dances and make the house throb with primitive music. He longs to be one of the live, lovely, golden people of TV mythology. He admires the person who can let go, relax, play, and enjoy the rich fruits of American affluence.

His parents, valuing order, security, and responsibility, may become convinced that they are raising a morally degenerate youngster in the midst of a corrupt society. "The young people just aren't *serious* any more," a typical mother laments.

Most parents could at least tolerate the rest if they could be sure sexual license did not go along with it. Such fears, of course, are partly realistic. Young people do disrupt their lives through sex misbehavior. But we should see also that young people need more than morality. Our Lord knew that persons sometimes keep the law in all ways, while yet hiding from life's true demands in some safe cell of empty goodness. He taught that the fullness and freedom of the life of grace flourishes and flowers on moral roots—but the root is not the whole plant.

We know we want our young people to behave themselves. But if we think a while, we want a

great deal more. Thinking of sex education in the home, we might list these kinds of objectives:

1. *We want our children to grow into adulthood with the inner freedom to live out of their own integrity.*

Every parent has seen what peer-group tyranny can do, and senses the painful conflict of those who cannot find the courage to resist it. It forces some fine young people into unhealthy dating patterns, or brainwashes them with crude and selfish playboy philosophies. As one girl put it, "In our school there are the fast kids and the nice kids. Those who date break all the rules. Those who won't break the rules don't date." She described the loneliness she felt, and her sense of shame at being stereotyped as one of the goody-goody girls. In spite of her suffering, though, she was maintaining her own value priorities.

2. *We want our children to grow up reasonably free from inner compulsions.*

Just as we hope they will avoid being victimized by external social forces, so we hope they will not be led astray by their own impulses. "What is *wrong* with me?" one boy writes. "I think about sex all the time!" A girl writes, "If only I could keep from getting involved the way I always do!" Young people who outwardly conform often suffer pangs of guilt at their wayward thoughts and harbor desperate fears of being overwhelmed by their feelings.

3. *We want our young people to rejoice in themselves as male and female.*

"In the beginning God created!" the Scriptures acclaim. "Male and female he created them . . . And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good!" How can our children learn to exult in the goodness of creation, *all* creation, including their own bodies?

4. *We want our young people to be able to love warmly and spontaneously.*

Again and again, counselors en-

counter women who cannot give themselves in conjugal love, to their own shame and the bewilderment of their husbands. Or they encounter self-centered men who are so confined to the narrow walls of their own ego-needs that they really love no one. They are so crippled that their lovemaking may be a merging of bodies, but never of spirits. Then, too, there are the truly unfortunate young people whose feelings seem completely anesthetized. "Are you supposed to *feel* love?" one girl writes. "I go through the motions, but I feel neither love nor hate, neither joy nor sadness."

Above all, we hope our children will be able to feel with and for persons—to go out to meet others with an inner assurance born of wholeness.

### ***The Foundation: Emotional Health***

Now, if these are our dreams and hopes for our children, how can we achieve them? By telling them all the correct things about sex? Hardly. But recent studies in the social sciences offer some important clues.

Past studies of unwed mothers seemed to indicate that most suffered emotional disturbances in various degrees or were deprived economically or socially. But an extensive recent study by Dr. Clark Vincent shows that those studies were faulty since they were based only on girls who had come to the attention of psychologists and social-work agencies.

Dr. Vincent found that unwed mothers have few characteristics which make them any different from other girls in the same age group. He concluded that the most important single factor is a girl's value system. He says that when a girl in our society "has neither an internalized traditional value system of her own concerning sexual behavior, nor the socialization experiences for developing one, she is particularly susceptible to sex enticement and fun morality themes being proffered and learned in a variety of contexts."<sup>1</sup>

In other words, young people

<sup>1</sup> From *Unmarried Mothers* by Clark Vincent. Copyright 1961 by The Free Press of Glencoe, Inc. (\$6.50). Used by permission.—Editors



need opportunity to develop high sex standards which are truly their own. But how can they do this? This must be taught by people who care about them, and who are themselves worthy models of mature behavior. Dr. Vincent concluded that a girl will not make high sex standards her own if they are forced on her by unloving, domineering adults who take away her freedom to think for herself, or if they are taught by parents whom the girl cannot respect. Standards which are supported mainly by threats and prohibitions, or by exaggerated warnings which the girl later sees are not true, will prove weak when put to the test.

Dr. Vincent's studies also revealed that even the strongest value system may be overwhelmed by pressing emotional needs. Young people who are lonely, grief-stricken, or upset by conditions within the home will seek tenderness and solace elsewhere, sometimes at great cost.

From this study it is clear that sex standards taught in a rigid, unloving atmosphere are very little better than no standards at all. The character of the parents and the atmosphere within the home make a crucial difference.

Another revealing study was conducted by Dr. A. H. Maslow, one of the first psychologists to see the importance of studying emotionally healthy persons to discover the nature of health. Through testing, he chose the healthiest 1 percent of a group of college students. He called them "self-actualizing" persons. They were chosen for their freedom from neuroses or other emotional disturbances. Moreover, they were chosen because they seemed to be making full use of their talents and capabilities, living into their full potential in creative and productive ways.

Dr. Maslow studied this group for two years. One conclusion was of particular interest: these emotionally healthy persons had a remarkable moral maturity. They were the most ethical of people—not in the sense of a rigid conformity but in being "ruled by the laws of their own character rather than the rules of society."<sup>2</sup>

Their morality was based upon the affirmation of the worth of others, an eagerness for their growth, a deep respect for the uniqueness of each personality. Above all, their morality was based on love. Dr. Maslow concluded:

"My subjects were loved and were loving, and are loved and are loving . . . they have the power to love and the ability to be loved . . . freely and easily and naturally and without getting wound up in conflicts or threats or inhibitions."<sup>2</sup>

What are the conditions which make for such moral and emotional health? Looking to the homes in which the "self-actualizing" persons grew, we see "love, affection, protection, respect, trust," and a relative absence of "hostility, humiliation, fear, contempt, domination."

An ancient writer said, "We love, because he first loved us" (1 John 4:19). In Dr. Maslow's work, we see evidence that we do indeed learn to love as God's love breaks through to us, incarnate within a warm and democratic family circle.

Another important study was that of Dr. Stanley Coopersmith, chairman of the department of psychology at the University of California at Davis. He studied 1,700 children in the fifth and sixth grades in two New England towns. Through a series of tests, he was able to measure the self-esteem of these children. Children with high self-esteem think of themselves as valuable persons, worthy of respect and love. They have a lot of confidence in themselves, and the push to keep to their own course in spite of difficulties or opposition. They also have a pretty clear idea of what is right, and control their actions well.

Children of low self-esteem, on the other hand, tend to be crippled emotionally. They do not like themselves or consider themselves likable. They are afraid to try anything new, and cling very closely to the safe course. They fall prey easily to group pressures. Moreover, they do not give or receive love easily, being afraid that intimacy will expose inadequacies.

What kind of homes do these

children come from? Children who like and respect themselves come from homes where the parents enjoy a high degree of self-esteem. These parents, we are interested to see, are firm and strict. They set high standards and consistently enforce family rules.

While their standards are high, however, they are based upon love and respect for the child. These parents are not dogmatic or dictatorial, and rarely punish their children. When punishment has to be meted out, the children are deprived of small privileges, isolated temporarily, or gently restrained. Corporal punishment or withdrawal of love are never employed. Family rules administered within an atmosphere of love and approval are readily accepted by the children as their own.

### *The Key: Parental Example*

What do these studies teach us about sex education within the home? They teach us that a child's sexual future is decided mainly by the emotional and moral atmosphere within the family circle, and this atmosphere depends on what the parents *are*, far more than what they say.

Those parents who respect and have confidence in themselves discipline their children wisely, without apology. On the other hand, overly intense guilt, anxiety, or inadequate feelings cause a parent to do all the wrong things in spite of himself. At one time he may enforce the rules halfheartedly or apologetically for fear he isn't doing the right thing; another time he may strike out in frustrated rage or make arbitrary and dictatorial demands. Children end up confused and unsure of themselves, or lose respect for their parents.

Again, parents of high self-esteem somehow communicate in such a way that their children grow up confident they are worthy, loved, and respected people. What does this have to do with the child's sexual development? A very great deal. For the fact is, a child's overall attitudes toward himself and others exert much more influence on his sexual future than any program of direct sex education.

We agreed that parents want

<sup>2</sup> From *Motivation and Personality* by A. H. Maslow. Copyright 1964. Published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc. (\$6.25). Used by permission.—EDITORS



their children to stand up against crowd pressures. Who is able to do this? Only the youngster who develops a high degree of self-assurance and self-respect. He will maintain a poised awareness of right and wrong, and will not need to barter virtue for crumbs of companionship.

We want our children to be free from inner compulsions. Who are the youngsters who tend to lose control of their sexual interests? Those who dislike and distrust themselves, who are shaky in their male or female role. Those who must constantly prop up a sagging ego, desperately attempting to prove again and again their masculine adequacy or feminine lovability. Those who have been so starved of emotional nourishment in their homes that even guilty love seems a kind of salvation.

We want our children to grow up rejoicing in their sexuality and able to love warmly and responsibly. What does this require? The kind of self-acceptance which comes from growing up under the guidance of affectionate and democratic parents. Sex-rejection is always tied in with self-rejection. Cauterized and blunted feelings emerge from a loss of trust, a fear of getting hurt.

How can we best teach our children about sex, then? By evaluating our own emotional attitudes and the quality of our husband-wife relationship. We usually are not aware of the extent to which we have failed to reach out and claim our own birthright as God's sons and daughters. Deep, early psychic wounds and old, moldy guilt keep us from becoming our best selves.

We can help our children most by seeking new growth and insight into ourselves and our relationships. When domestic strife flares up or we lose the ability to communicate with one another, a few sessions with our pastor or other skilled counselor may reveal the truth which can make us free. Koinonia groups, prayer-therapy groups, and other deep relationships of trust can lift many up to new heights of self-acceptance and a greater ability to love.

Some parents may require exten-

sive psychotherapy before they can break forth into wholeness. How important it is that they seek it before they trap their children in the same entangling webs!

### Where Sex Facts Fit In

In the face of all this, is talking with children directly and specifically about sex not important? We have said it is of secondary importance. However, it should not be neglected.

Children suffer certain anxieties which stem directly from ignorance of sexual functions. How many young girls went through a hell of panic and self-torment before we learned to teach about menstruation in school hygiene courses? We forget that the so-called "latent period" before puberty is filled with vivid sex experiences. Long before we think they know anything about it, children are catching snatches of information about sex, indulging in guilty bathroom explorations, feeling vague stirrings, and dreaming confused dreams.

If we wait until our children reach puberty to speak of sex, many will have already suffered in silence through many anxious moments. Since no one says anything, they have no way of knowing that their secret thoughts and feelings are perfectly valid and wholesome. They may suppose they alone do and think shameful things.

For this reason, information about sex should be available to the child normally and naturally from the very earliest years. Books sealed to the child's age and interests should be placed within reach, without fuss or fanfare. Questions rising from the child's reading can be answered directly, simply, and honestly. If the child appears to be probing beyond his depth, we can simply encourage him to wait a few years for a more complete answer to his questions.<sup>3</sup>

Junior and senior high-school students often learn best in youth groups working under skilled adult

guidance. Increasing numbers of churches have regular studies for parents and youths on sex in Christian living. Several hundred adult leaders have been trained in lab schools across The Methodist Church, using especially prepared materials.<sup>4</sup>

In addition to instructing their own children, many parents have found they must join forces in community action programs. In this way, public schools have been induced to offer sex-education courses; unhealthy dating customs and teen-age drinking patterns have been curbed; smut peddling and other exploitive commercial activities have been stopped; and social services have been provided for the broken and disadvantaged families of the community.

When all is said and done, it is not all-important that we become self-conscious about organizing programs of sex education within the home. But it is important that we evaluate our own value-commitments, hold them up to the steady gaze of Christ, work through our own fears, guilt, and shame, and disengage ourselves from our own corrupting entanglements. Then in a thousand, unspoken ways we will communicate *ourselves* as strong, moral persons who are "going on to perfection."

It is important, too, that when we sense the family unit or any family member drifting toward trouble, we promptly seek counseling help to discover what hidden powers are at work within the family circle, distorting and disturbing character formation.

As they say in *Carousel*, we "fail unspectacularly." We succeed as parents in much the same way—not with a formal program of moral instruction in the home or through a rigid regime of Spartan discipline but by quietly loving, caring, and growing emotionally and spiritually from day to day. Only in this manner, without miracle formulas or shortcuts, can we raise children with healthy, stable attitudes—not only about sex but about the whole of life. □

<sup>3</sup> The Sex Education Series is excellent for this. It includes: Parent's Responsibility (pre-schoolers); A Story About You (boys and girls, grades 4-6); Finding Yourself (junior high); Approaching Adulthood (youths 16-20); and Facts Aren't Enough (parents). Order from National Education Association (30¢ each), 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

—EDITORS

<sup>4</sup> For information write to the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, 100 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

—EDITORS





*Many exhibits like this help young people understand basic matters of human life.*

# A Model Approach to Sex Education

A unique Illinois health museum uses films, exhibits, and relaxed discussion sessions to teach sex education to thousands of children and teen-agers every year. Schools, churches, and parents approve its straightforward teaching methods.

By BARBARA GOODHEART

WHEN students first enter the glass doors of the Health Museum in the western Chicago suburb of Hinsdale, many of them bring questions that have been tucked away in their minds for a long time—questions they never dared ask.

A blond fourth-grader has been worried ever since learning that her mother was going to have a baby. "Is it true," she asks, "that a lot of mothers die when they have a baby?"

A different concern is raised by a lanky teen-age boy: "Does masturbation really drive people crazy?"

When these same students leave the museum several hours later, they take with them not only the answers to such particular questions but straightforward informa-

tion about health and sex that will ease at least some of the tension of growing up.

They are the lucky ones. Others never receive the answers, for sex is at best a difficult subject for children to discuss with their parents. Even when they do ask, parents often are caught off guard by embarrassment or sheer lack of factual knowledge and find it difficult to answer at all.

The uniqueness of the Hinsdale Health Museum is in its combination of teaching tools—films and exhibits that not only instruct, but also motivate children to ask questions—and in a team of two men educationally and psychologically prepared to handle even the toughest of questions.

Hinsdale-area residents consider themselves fortunate to have the museum in their neighborhood. So does the Confederation of Churches of Southeast DuPage County, Illinois, a group composed of lay and ministerial representatives of both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches.

The Rev. Dale C. Nelson, minister of the Hinsdale Methodist Church, points out that the various churches of Hinsdale have indicated their strong support by sending youth groups and parent groups to the museum for "adequate and competent information basic to modern Christian values toward sex."

Recently, the confederation established a new committee on sex

education which has consulted with the museum's staff and now is conducting a seminar on adult education to help parents answer their children's questions on sex.

Such ecumenical support has been a continuing goal of museum staff members, who stress the vital role of the home and the church in sex education.

In light of this, the teachers give special consideration to questions involving moral issues. For example, when the teen-age boy asked if masturbation is harmful, the teacher answered only from the medical standpoint: "Doctors say that masturbation does not lead to mental illness or physical deformity."

The underlying thought here was that moral aspects of the children's questions should be handled by parents, pastors, or church-school teachers.

Although the museum began as a "showcase for all the normal body systems," Director Elizabeth Lundy finds that more and more of the visiting groups represent family-living and/or sex-education programs.

Ideally, the program starts in the primary grades and continues through high school, and is co-ordinated with the school curriculum.

Thousands of children have benefited from the museum's sex-education program and more than 80,000 people are expected to visit the museum this year. Almost half of them will be school groups from the Greater Chicago metropolitan area, many of them religiously sponsored. Some will be from communities as much as 50 miles away.

THE museum is part of a medical center building built in 1958 by the Kettering Family Foundation, which underwrites its operating costs. Similar museums have been established in Cleveland, Ohio; Dallas, Texas; Lankenau, Pa.; and Halstead, Kansas.

The museum's two program leaders are both science teachers. John D. Foster holds a B.S. in education and has 10 years experience in the field. Phillip A. Stough taught biology for nine years after receiving his B.S. in science.

John, a husky, relaxed-looking

former football coach, handles his classroom talks as casually as he once handled locker-room chats.

"Look," he tells teen-age girls, "when boys get together in the locker room, they talk. If you get involved with a boy, you might as well figure all the boys are going to know about it."

When John talks to younger children, he switches tactics easily, but his personal qualities are just as effective. The children are asking questions almost as soon as they perch on the wicker stools that are set out for them in a cheerful room filled with exhibits and three-dimensional models.

One of the first questions fifth-grade children often ask is, "Where does the baby come out?"

"Remember in the film you just saw, *The Day Life Begins*, when the mother dog gave birth to her puppy? It was born through a special opening in her body," John explains. Then, he points to a series of wall models of the female reproductive system. "The human mother also has a special place for her baby to come out."

Knowing from experience what a particular age group is likely not to know and not to ask about, he adds: "After a baby is born, the doctor ties the umbilical cord and cuts it. It doesn't hurt anymore than a haircut, because there are no nerve endings in the cord."

Although no one had asked, the children leaned back and relaxed.

When deciding what material to present to a particular class, the museum teachers take into consideration the age of the children, how much they already know, and the amount of preparation they have received at school. Often, they start a discussion by asking the children several questions designed to determine the level of their knowledge and experience.

Interested parents frequently visit the museum to see the exhibits and to decide if their child is "ready" for sex education.

Concerning a child's readiness, John H. Gagnon, a research associate at Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research, declares:

"The specific age at which a child receives this information, as well as the specific items of infor-

mation to be imparted, are of less significance than the preparation of the child for receiving this knowledge."

Many experts feel that the greatest danger is presenting sex information too late to a young person.

Although the material presented at the museum varies in complexity depending on the age group for which it is designed, it all underscores a single central theme: the difference between reproduction in animals and in humans is that the latter alone reproduce in love, and understand that their young are a result of that love.

This concept is introduced to the fifth-graders on their first visit. In the film *The Day Life Begins*, the children see a turtle lay her eggs in the sand, then crawl away, leaving the eggs on their own.

When a child sees the contrast between this behavior and the way human parents plan to have children and together care for their young for many years, he is soon aware of moral responsibility in a delightful way—a way that gives him a warm feeling that he, as a human being, is unique in the animal world; that he alone was born out of love and reason.

ON A more advanced level, high schoolers see *From Generation to Generation*, a poignant color film describing nine months in the life of a young couple and their child as they await the arrival of a second child. It is a teaching film, covering the medical aspects of the pregnancy in animated illustrations. But because it presents these facts in the context of a real family awaiting the birth of a child with eagerness and with love, the film has a deeper dimension and greater impact on young viewers.

Most experts today agree that emphasis on love is a vital part of sex education. As the committee on public health of the New York Academy of Medicine notes in a recent article:

"The child in puberty cannot imagine the sexual act as an act of love because his erotic feelings have not yet centered on a person of the opposite sex. Sex instruction should educate the adolescent to-





*In the museum which began as a "showcase for all the normal body systems," boys study an exhibit which explains the function of the brain (left). Others listen as a lecturer describes the birth process (right). "You've really helped me," one teen-ager told him at the end of his speech.*

ward the view that human sexuality achieves its greatest satisfaction only in an enduring human partnership rooted in love, tenderness, and respect for the other person."

While the museum teachers thoroughly cover the biological facts of reproduction, they do so in a broader context that stresses the importance of love and that helps students to understand better their own feelings and drives.

Phil Stough, for instance, tells high-school students that "a 16 or 17-year-old boy is at the very peak of sexual desire for his entire life; for girls it's about the late 20s." He has discovered that most boys and girls do not know this.

Later, explaining that sex cannot be covered from a physical point of view alone, he switches to a discussion of its psychological and

emotional aspects. Here again, there is no preaching—only an emphasis on the happiness of love and family life.

"There is physical attraction and there is passion, of course," he explains, "but any marriage built on these elements alone will not last. There must also be love—which involves consideration, patience, respect, kindness, and honesty."

When animals mate, he explains, it is out of instinct, and most of them live together for only a few minutes or, at most, a few weeks.

"But you were born out of love, not instinct," Phil emphasizes. "Babies require great love—in fact, they can die without it."

Soberly, he adds:

"When you think you're ready for love, ask yourself, 'Am I ready to spend the next 18 years of

my life taking care of a child?'"

As a final warning, he cautions the young people not to seek answers to questions of this nature only from boy or girl friends, because "they don't know any more than you do!"

"Ask someone who knows," he urges. "And don't be embarrassed—there's too much at stake."

And so they ask. Some are too shy to ask in front of the class, but ask privately afterwards.

Some have no need to ask because their questions were answered during the film or the discussion. One such was the teen-age boy who stopped on his way out to thank the teacher. "No one ever told us those things before," he said. "You've really helped me."

Whatever his question was, it had been answered. □

# Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

LAST MONTH we began a discussion of the "no-date" problem. We have been trying to say in this column that dating is vastly overrated in some parts of the country. Young people often use it as an ego-crutch, a mark of popularity and self-worth. Expecting too much from dating, they invest too much of themselves in it.

At the same time, dating can provide excellent training in social skills and valuable practice in responsible intimacy. Our own identity as men and women is formed in part through informal give-and-take with those of the opposite sex. Dating can also bring a lot of spontaneous good fun which is a worthy contribution in its own right. These values can be realized in other ways, and yet young people who do not date often feel lonely and left out. They do not need to. Here is good advice for those who do not seem to get dates:

"You suggested that some of your readers could send in some advice for a dateless 17-year-old girl. While I am not a teen-ager, I do read your column each month in TOGETHER. The girl in the December issue sounded so much like myself when I was a teen-ager. I guess I had been groomed more for marriage than for dating. I had been taught homemaker tasks and not how to get a date. Older men were always saying, 'You'll make some lucky man a wonderful wife.' That, however, did not bring much comfort to a teen-ager who did not want to marry but very much wanted a date. So I decided to start studying ways to trap a man. I became interested in things they liked to talk about (sports, science, and so forth). I studied fashion and glamour magazines and began to develop style in dress. And I worked hard at overcoming my extreme shyness. Many times the girls have to take the first step at being friendly—not eager, just friendly.

"After high school I spent a year working, building up my wardrobe and overcoming my shyness. When I went to college I could breeze across campus introducing myself to everyone, boys and girls alike. And the dates started coming.

"Now that I'm a 32-year-old housewife with three children and 12 years of marriage, I can look back and see these things. I also note that many

girls (and boys) are 'late bloomers.' I've seen gawky, shy, unattractive boys become handsome, desirable businessmen in their 20s and 30s. I've seen homely, mousy teen-age girls become very attractive in their 20s. In high school the only time a boy noticed me was to ask my help on some assignment.

"Now (at 32, mind you), even college boys give me a second look and whistle out their car window as they go by. And I find that many wives very jealously allow their husbands to talk only a minute or so with me at parties. However, this still doesn't help when you are a lonely teen-ager very much wanting companionship. All I can say is, there is hope.

"I thought the young people could use some of my experiences, because I once stood where they stand, and I understand their agonies. My life turned out very happily. I have a talented, intelligent, handsome husband—who by the way pastors a Methodist church. He, also, was sort of shy and gawky in high school, but now he's quite a guy. And I'm the envy of many, many women."—E.C.

We need a way to get young people

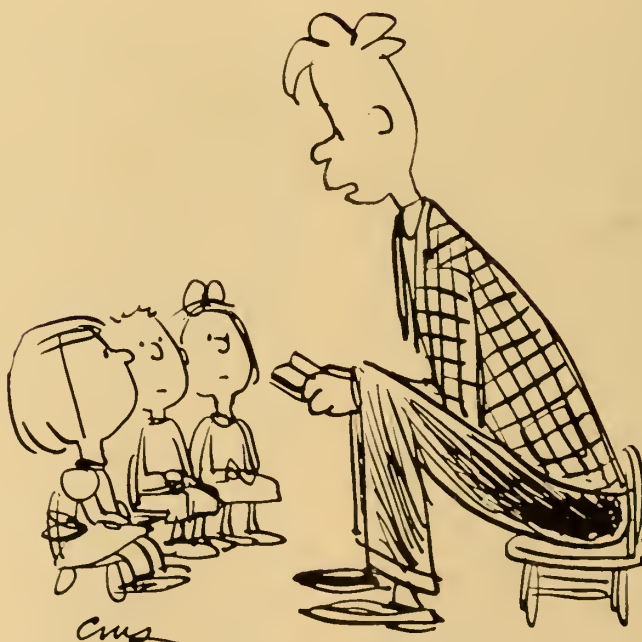
together with adults who have so much to offer.

Why shouldn't our MYF groups have "dating clinics," in which girls could get together and study good grooming, practice conversational skills on one another, role-play tough situations, and discuss standards of good dating behavior? It wouldn't hurt the boys to be included, or maybe have their own groups. With an understanding leader such a group could offer real help.



I just turned 19, and up until six months ago, I didn't date. Nobody asked me, either. I guess I am not bad looking, and could almost be the duplicate of the girl who wrote in December. I was secretary of the MYF, liked by everyone, and belonged to clubs.

However, I couldn't go up to boys I knew and talk to them (sometimes not even girls I knew). Any place I'd go, I'd sit in a corner, feeling sorry for myself, waiting for someone to come to me (my Prince



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1959 by Warner Press, Inc.

"So how do I know why he ate locusts? Maybe there weren't any drive-ins around."



Charming, maybe). I always heard how boys were just as shy as I, but I couldn't believe it. I finally realized this when I found out that the boy I had a crush on for two years liked me all that time!

It may sound easy to say, but you have to assert yourself more. I don't mean push yourself, just act more interested in others. A year ago I never thought I would be writing this—I have one of the world's worst inferiority complexes. I know all too well how hard it is to sit home waiting to be asked out, but can you imagine how hard it must be for a boy to have to ask out a girl he really likes, afraid he will be turned down?

My advice to Z.Z. is to stay a good girl, but stay out of corners. Talk to someone—anyone. I waited 18½ years to date, and in the last six months I have dated five different boys.

All I can say is, "Hang on, kid; your day will come."—M.B.

Sounds like good advice to me.



I am a girl, 15. I moved a few months ago. Ever since I moved to this high school I've had boy problems. About six boys will not leave me alone. I like one but the others, they are just too much! How can you get unpopular with boys?—G.F.

What a delightful problem!



I am 19 and a newspaper reporter. Like most teens, I am eager to share everything I have and whatever I can with those less fortunate. Most teens are altruistic by nature, but because of repeated hardships that they or their elders have suffered, cynicism creeps in and altruism goes out the window.

If there had not been grave illness in my family, and subsequent home and financial responsibilities, I would have gone straight to college. As it is now, I will soon begin night school while working days. I have a career, but I feel something is missing.

There must be others like me who want to serve God in a more concrete, direct way, but just don't know how. We don't care to swing on a star, or conjure up a magician and "zap!" we're instant do-gooders. We'd just like to serve!

Are there any church-related occu-



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Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

# Your Faith and Your Church



**What is 'student power' all about?** Mostly it's about the fact that students, impatient for tomorrow's changes, are inclined to be self-assertive. They want to be responsible for their own lives, without any interference from an older generation.

In my view, this change in attitude is not to be attributed to the success of the "black power" movement. The present world is filled with power structures—military, economic, cultural, religious. The government has power over its citizens; the parent has power over the children; the corporation has power over persons and communities; science has power over society. There is the power of the press and the power of the church.

The task of the Christian student is to work out plans for the responsible use of power, to discover what kinds of power are appropriate for the Christian to employ. And the church ought never permit itself to be used as a power bloc.

**Is the church really God's house?** The Scriptures say so, as Isaiah 56:7 in the Old Testament, John 2:16 in the New, and many other passages attest, and yet they insist that God cannot be located. He is everywhere and always, never a stranger in the universe he has made. In a real-to-life sense, the church is the house of God's people, the place where, in a special way, he meets the world that he created and continues to love.

**Why are some Christians no better than non-Christians?** Because they are not Christian enough. They have started to walk in the Way (as Christianity was first called), but they have not walked far or fast enough. The blame cannot be placed on the Gospel.

All of us have seen these shortcomings in ourselves. We make no better decisions, have no special information or insights, and perform no better than those who make no Christian claims.

There is another angle: to say that one is a good Christian is not to say that he is a good doctor, or teacher, or mathematician, or even that he always speaks grammatically. It is to say that he knows God and is continually trying to improve his relationship with God.

T. Otto Nall, bishop of Methodism's Minnesota Area, is a former editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and author of several books. He would be happy to have your questions about faith and church. Address him in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—Editors

*pations other than the ministry, missionary work, or church-school teachers? What Christian service can we look forward to?—S.B.*

Your enthusiastic altruism is enough to shame any cynic. Yes, the church offers a wide range of vocational opportunities. The 1968 *Methodist Church-Related Vocations* is available for 20¢ if you will write Dr. Richard H. Bauer, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.



*I am a girl, and would like some advice on how to start discussing my problems with my parents. They often tell me they are never too busy to talk with me, but I find it hard to believe. When I am talking with Mom, it seems she is only half-listening. She's always remembering things she has to do. And Dad tries hard to understand, but he always seems so rushed. What can I do? I know their feelings would be hurt if I went to someone else with my problems. —M.B.*

Your situation is so common that we are starting to experiment with communications clinics to help parents and youths to talk with one another. We will soon have some ideas on how churches can do this, and would be happy to share them with anyone who is interested.

Adults and youths travel in different worlds today, and both are often so driven by the demands of their responsibilities that they find it hard to talk to one another. Usually mothers can talk about serious things better when they are working on something else at the same time. Fixing supper or doing dishes together is often a good time, or when you are both putting up your hair at night. Deep talks with father are often very hard for teen-age girls to accomplish. You may have to be content with only lighthearted conversations with your father.

If you can entice him into joining you in a game now and then, taking the family on trips, and attending events at church and school, you will at least get to know him.

*Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS*



# Single Girls in the CITY

From a distance, the city looks big, bright, and exciting. But those who go there to live frequently find more problems than glamour. 'No one cares if you live or die,' observes one of two recent high-school graduates TOGETHER visited in Atlanta. Even churches seem indifferent.

Text by MARTHA LANE / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER





AT ONE TIME or another, virtually every small-town teen-ager has yearned for the adventure and glamour of life in "the big city." For some it will be only a dream. But each year increasing numbers of young people pack up and head for "where the action is"—such cities as New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas, or Atlanta.

Those moving to the city to go to school will find friends, a place to live, and things to do in their academic communities. But things are not so easy for recent high-school graduates looking for jobs. That is what Pat McDanal and Becky Crawford learned when they moved to Atlanta last summer.

"I've always had dreams of coming to Atlanta," 18-year-old Becky recalls. "Where I'm from [Rockmart, Ga., population 3,938], nothing ever happened. When my brother and sister moved into Atlanta, I saw the new buildings going up. It looked exciting!"

But in Atlanta, much of that excitement was forgotten in the face of some very immediate problems: How do you look for a job, or plan a budget, or open a bank account? What part of the city is safe to live in? Where do you meet nice guys? How do you get around town when you don't own a car?

Pat and Becky were more fortunate than many. Each had a friend or relative in the city who helped her get settled. Even so, they did not escape the homesickness that invariably comes with striking out on one's own. "A couple of times I wanted to take the first bus back to Dublin [Georgia]," admits Pat, 19. But she stuck it out.

Pat applied for a job with Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company while still in high school.

She went right to work for Southern Bell as a file clerk in the engineering department.

Becky, typical of many young newcomers to the city, already has held several jobs. She worked briefly as a private secretary. Then she went to Southern Bell as a typist. In November, she took a stenographic position with an insurance firm which promised more interesting work, longer lunch hours, and better pay. She also moonlights as a part-time clerk in a downtown department store.

The girls became friends at their first Atlanta home, a residence for working girls. But neither liked the neighborhood or the numerous house rules of the large dormitory-type apartment. Three months later they moved to one of the smaller, private boardinghouses which cater to working young people. They have been rooming together ever since.

They pay \$18.50 a week for a room, two meals a day (except on Saturday and Sunday when they must eat out), linens, and maid service. By the time they've paid for transportation, weekend meals, telephone calls, clothes, and miscellaneous minor expenses, not much of their paychecks is left. (Starting pay for many Atlanta jobs is \$70-\$85 a week.)

Pat has allowed herself one big financial investment. "First thing I wanted to do when I started to work was to get contact lenses," she remembers. "And I did. They aren't paid for yet, though."

Becky owns a record player and a small radio. "I wish we could afford a TV," she sighs. "But we can't even afford an ironing-board cover."

Although they share the city with a million other people, their friends are limited to those they work

*Pat McDanal, 19, is a file clerk for Southern Bell Telephone. Voted "Miss Congeniality" in a hometown beauty pageant, she finds that in the city "you're just a little grain of sand on the beach."*





and live with and the young people in their home towns.

"The city's a lot meaner than I thought it would be—the people are, that is," Pat feels. "It seems harder to meet guys in Atlanta than in other places. There's not much to do if you're under 21." So they go to a movie, or to The Varsity—"where all the guys from Tech hang out"—for a snack, or go window-shopping on Friday nights.

The girls have gone to church only a few times since moving to Atlanta last June. "But we've been meaning to go," Becky says defensively. In Dublin, Pat went to the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, but doesn't have a denominational preference. "I'm looking for a church I can feel comfortable in," she says. Becky has always been a Southern Baptist.

Their search for the right church seems only half-hearted. But the church's search for them has been no more enthusiastic. As is the case in many cities, few attempts, Methodist or otherwise, are being made to reach young people such as Pat and Becky. The programs that do exist reach only a handful of Atlanta's thousands of single young adults.

St. Mark Methodist Church has a young adult community center which mostly attracts fellows attending vocational school. Located in an old house, the center is appropriately called "The House." It features such low-key amusements as color TV and poolroom, and also offers use of the church gym, an occasional free movie, Cokes, and opportunities for counseling and bull sessions. It also procures legal aid for those in trouble.

A Methodist night minister tours Atlanta night spots

from 9 p.m. to 3 or 4 a.m. every week-night, offering friendship, counseling, and other help to any who seek it. Many of the young go-go girls and waitresses he meets are new in town. Some took the first job that came along. A number of them are divorcees, some with very young children they must work hard to support.

On the edge of Atlanta's hippie community, a coffee-house draws art-school students, some hippies, and other young people hungry for a friendly hangout. Run by a newly ordained Methodist minister, it features exotic coffee drinks, sandwiches, professional folk singers, and informal Sunday worship services.

The coffeehouse, called "Twelfth Gate," is the only Methodist ministry Pat and her roommate have had contact with. There was nothing about the place that particularly identified it as church related, but they were impressed by the friendly atmosphere, and they might go back sometime when they're wondering how to spend an evening.

What takes the church's place in the lives of young Atlantans? Some are at the YWCA, taking "slimnastics" (calisthenics for those who would like to lose some weight) or music lessons. Others join the Ski Club, Young Republicans, or Junior Executives, specifically to meet new people. Those older and more affluent can buy social opportunities by renting swank living quarters such as the Peachtree Apartments, whose management arranges parties and promises "we never call the police." But most of them, like Pat and Becky, are simply caught up in everyday humdrum activities, as the following description of a week with the two girls illustrates. □

*Eighteen-year-old Becky Crawford has put her stenographic skills to work at several jobs in Atlanta. Now she works for an insurance company. "As soon as I'm 21, I'm getting out of here," she maintains.*











## PAT:

### Some Weekends Are Lonely

AS AN OFFICE CLERK in Southern Bell's engineering department, Pat is on her feet much of the day. There are hundreds of cards to sort and file. "This is where I tear up my fingers," she laughs. Blueprints need to be duplicated, and endless material waits to be delivered to various engineers' offices.

When quitting time on Friday evening finally comes, she is tired. So, after dinner in the boardinghouse dining room, she returns to her own room to read the mail, wash her hair, write letters, and relax. "Friday night—that's collapse night," she explains.

Saturday morning is for sleeping in. Pat skips breakfast, but gets up in time for lunch at a nearby cafe.

The major weekend work project is going to the Laundromat. Sometimes Caroline, a friend from work, drives Pat to Ansley Mall, a new shopping center. While the clothes are washing, the girls window-shop, discuss their plans for the rest of the weekend, sometimes stop for an ice cream cone.

When she has a date on Saturday night, the couple probably will go to a movie or to a coffeehouse. Often they will work in a stop at the Varsity drive-in for fried peach pie.

Some weekends, however, are just plain lonely. "Sitting home on a rainy Saturday night and wondering what I am doing here, what I have done that's worthwhile, where I will go from here—that's loneliness," she says. "Or thinking of someone you've wanted to date for a long time, but who isn't interested in girls at this time, just in studying."

Pat takes things easy on Sundays. She used to read most of the day, but now she goes on walks or naps. Occasionally she and Becky go to the First Baptist Church down the street. Pat says of the minister there, "He certainly doesn't pussyfoot around."

The work week begins at 8:20 on Monday morning, when Pat catches a ride to the office with an engineer. After a few excited moments of telling her friends all about her weekend—and asking about theirs—she is ready for five more days of filing and running and answering the phone.

More easygoing than her roommate, Pat seems content with her job and with much of her life in Atlanta. The plans she talks about are painting champagne bottles (for room decorations) and buying an outfit for homecoming. She is thinking of going to night school, under the telephone company's education plan, but hasn't decided what courses she would be interested in.

She likes where she lives, even though boarders have no cooking privileges in their rooms. (They do have a refrigerator though, for grapefruit juice and light snack materials.) "I don't think I'm ready for an apartment," she concedes. "We are pretty young. And I don't have a car." □





## BECKY:

### Sometimes She Gets Fed Up

BECKY, RESTLESS and energetic, spends most of her waking hours working. "I'm not living now; I'm just existing, just making ends meet," she says. To make the ends meet quicker, she clerks at Davison's, a large downtown department store, on Monday and Friday nights and all day Saturday.

By day she's a stenographer for Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company. She takes shorthand, types, pulls premium cards, files, and answers the phone. "My boss is fabulous," she declares enthusiastically. "He's *human!*"

She has definite plans for the future, but realizes she'll never get what she wants without further education. "I want to get a degree in business—in secretarial school. I'd have to take out some of my savings to pay for the tuition, but it would be worth it."

Becky wants to live in an apartment as soon as possible, preferably in a house she could share with several other girls. She also wishes she had some money, and a certain guy she likes. A car would be nice, too. To get around now, she relies on city bus lines, rides with friends, and an occasional taxi. "I think of owning a car only as a dream. I'd like maybe a Ford—something that'll go when I step on the gas. Maybe a four-speed with their biggest engine—a 428!"

She gets home from Davison's around seven o'clock on Saturday nights, and has a quick bite at a nearby cafe or perhaps just some grapefruit juice or a diet drink. "I'm on a diet. I've lost eight pounds in 13 days. I have a bet going with three girls in the office to see who can lose the most." There's time for a bath, for washing some things out by hand, and for catching a program on a borrowed TV set before she goes to bed.

Sunday is Becky's only chance to relax. She sleeps late, joins Pat for dinner, and spends a lot of time in her room—napping, writing letters, and getting her clothes ready for Monday morning.

She dates, but probably not as much as she'd like to. "The most disappointing thing about Atlanta is that it's so hard to meet a guy—or guys—who are nice," she says. Sometimes she gets fed up with things in Atlanta. "As soon as I'm 21, I'm getting out of here!" she threatens. "I want to travel, to see the world and see what it has to offer in every aspect."

On Monday and Friday nights, Becky gets off work at 9:30 and eats a solitary meal that has been set aside for her in the boardinghouse dining room. Such lonely moments give her time to think. "This is what bugs me about living in Atlanta. Will I still be doing the same thing five years from now—having the same job, not making anything? It's scary to think I might still be living here, instead of in an apartment or house. My goal in life is to be happy and to have a good job." □







# Looks at NEW Books

"SO LET US agree that on Good Friday we start by laying down pride and by preparing to face before God the fact that in spite of the 2,000 years that separate us, we stand beside those superficially religious Jews, those self-concerned Roman administrators, those callous, hired executioners, those violence-loving local crowds, those inadequate, cowardly disciples."

Kay M. Baxter was the first lay woman to occupy an Anglican-church pulpit at a Good Friday service, but the rector of a parish church near London yielded his pulpit to her for the reading of *And I Look for the Resurrection* (Abingdon, \$2.25).

Mrs. Baxter headed the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain for many years, and her reflection on the seven last words of Christ from the cross draws on themes from the theater to help us see that Christian and non-Christian alike are grappling today with the central problems of the meaning and demands of life. She is a strong, valid writer, and her meditation speaks as clearly from the printed page as it did from the pulpit.

And men are crucified today for their beliefs.

Such a man was Medgar Evers, NAACP leader shot from ambush on the doorstep of his Mississippi home in 1963. He was fully aware of the mounting probability that he would be killed unless he abandoned his civil-rights activities. Even his children had to be taught to keep out of line with the windows and fall to the floor at the sound of gunfire.

In *For Us, the Living* (Doubleday, \$5.95), Mrs. Medgar Evers tells why he kept on, and what it was like to be the wife of a man who chose such dangerous work. Her story, written with William Peters, is the story of courage and dedication. It is also the story of a good and happy marriage.

Theologian Nels F. S. Ferre makes his own personal statement of faith in *The Living God of Nowhere and Nothing* (Westminster, \$5). It is a middle-of-the-road view that draws from ancient message and contemporary thought.

Dr. Ferré suggests that readers who

have not had training in philosophical method may want to skip the first chapter. It is here, though, that he considers the nature of God, and it should be skimmed even if it is heavy going. The other chapters, discussing who Jesus was, what the Bible is, how moralism contrasts with morality, and the Christian church, make absorbing and stimulating reading.

Some parents can give their children the wholesome kind of sex education Dale White and Barbara Goodheart talk about elsewhere in this issue [pages 43 and 47] as naturally as the sun shines. But others, by far the majority, feel they need some help.

New, and strong in Christian emphasis, is the *Concordia Sex Education Series*, which does the job of explaining sex as an integral part of the total personality in a way that is both medically accurate and theologically sensitive.

The complete series includes filmstrips and a leadership guide which parents will not need. But four graded books for children and a paperback *Parents Guide to Christian Conversation About Sex* (Concordia, \$1.95) are excellent for family use.

In the parents' guide, Lutheran pastor Ervin J. Kolb helps mothers and fathers arrive at a Christian understanding of sex and their own roles in developing positive attitudes to-

ward it in their children. He also discusses children's characteristics at different age levels and gives some specific help on answering the questions they will ask.

For the children themselves the series offers:

*I Wonder, I Wonder* (Concordia, \$1.75), a believable, charming, and informative story about two small children whose mother gives birth to twins. By Marguerite Kurth Frey, who is a medical doctor, the wife of a theological graduate and psychiatrist, and the mother of 10 children, this book is for kindergartners to third-graders.

*Wonderfully Made* (Concordia, \$1.75) gives fourth to sixth-graders medically accurate knowledge about the biological function of sex and help in forming Christian attitudes toward it. The author is Ruth Hummel, a teacher and mother.

*Take the High Road* (Concordia, \$1.95) speaks to readers in their early teens, who are at a stage when sexual powers are maturing and boys and girls are beginning to be attracted to each other. Lutheran pastor A. J. Bueltmann holds up a wholesome view of ultimate Christian manhood and womanhood.

*Life Can Be Sexual* (Concordia, \$1.95), beamed to high-school and post-high-school youths, presents a search for honest answers to the ques-

## WHISPERINGS OF Spring

Creative Presence wakes our warming earth  
Where hardest seeds are bursting into birth.

In cloud-white robes, triumphant lilies hold  
Hallelujahs in their hearts of gold.

People, too, emerge from torpidude  
To blossom joy in a white-gold mood.

Through consciousness of life, each whispered hour  
Reveals the One, the All, of living power.

—Helen Sue Isely



tions sex and sensuality pose in today's culture. Pastor Elmer N. Witt, executive director of youth work for the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, writes in contemporary language toward the goal of helping young people become able to live freely as responsible sexual beings.

Attractive in design, responsible in content, never talking down to their readers, all the books in this series are outstanding.

Not a sex-education manual but a book that places sex in the perspective of total growth and development, *Your Growing Child and Sex* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.95) provides valuable insights. Written in consultation with the Child Study Association of America by Helene S. Arnstein, it discusses what goes on in the inner world of the child as he becomes a person, explores today's confusions about maleness and femaleness, and deals sympathetically with adolescents' social challenges and problems.

Other books in the field make good contributions to specific audiences. *Sex Before 20* (Dutton, \$3.50), by psychologist Helen Southard, is a frank and honest discussion of the questions young people in their teens ask each other and the rare adults they trust. Mrs. Southard doesn't give pat answers; she provides the knowledge young readers need to come to their own responsible decisions.

*Living With Sex: The Student's Dilemma* (Seabury, \$1.95), by Richard F. Hettlinger, is a relevant, contemporary paperback directed to college men. The author knows them, respects them, and discusses their problems with wisdom, wit, and forthright candor.

*Sex, Love, and the Person* (Sheed and Ward, \$3.95) presents philosopher Peter A. Bertocci's views on sex and love outside marriage. Concerned with relationships, community, and the obligation to treat others as persons, Prof. Bertocci is convinced that there are few valid exceptions to the rule that these can be served best by the expression of sex within marriage.

Then we find a broader view. In *Love and Sexuality: A Christian Approach* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$4.95), Mary Perkins Ryan and John Julian Ryan go to the heart of the matter and say that marriage can be considered properly only in the context of learning to love. These co-authors, who are also husband and wife, offer a mature, sometimes luminous, understanding of what it means to be a man or a woman who is a Christian. Few Protestant readers will be uncomfortable with their the-

# Dialog

## WITH A SMALL PHILOSOPHER

"MOTHER, I can't go to sleep."

It was the voice of my four-year-old, small, plaintive.

"Mother!" There was a note of panic now. "I have a feeling I'm dying."

Walking calmly, at normal gait, I reached his bedside as the indistinct shadows of twilight blurred into a monotone darkness.

"Mother, do *new* people die?"

"Sometimes, dearest," I told him, "but mostly it's very old people."

"Why do people die?"

"Well-I-I, people die if they are very, very old—or sometimes if they're very sick, or have had a bad accident."

There wasn't even a rustle of the leaves outside to interrupt the silence.

"Tell me again, Mother."

"People die if they are very old, or very sick, or have had a bad accident." Pausing a moment, I added with assurance, "None of these things has happened to you. You certainly aren't very old—you haven't had an accident—and you're not sick."

"But I feel like I'm going to die."

"I think you feel like you're falling asleep," I said lightly.

In the darkness I could picture tender brows furrowing.

"What happens when you die?"

"Do you mean, where do you go when you die?"

"No! What happens to you?"

"Well, a person stops breathing, and his heart stops—everything in his body stops."

"Then you're dead?"

"That's right. But we believe that only the body dies, and that the spirit lives on."

There was silence as he struggled against tears.

I was conscious of my pulse while the silence dragged on. Finally: "The spirit—is it real? Or pretend?"

"It's real."

Another strained pause.

"Where is it?" Suspicion and challenge were combined.

"Well, it's . . . a . . ."

"Is it in my leg?"

"It's in all of you. It doesn't have a special place."

"And it doesn't die?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Well, where does it go?"

"Some people believe it goes to heaven."

"Is that way up—you know, in the sky? Can you get there in an airplane?"

"No—it's not exactly a place. It's all around us."

"Is that where God is?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Mother—is God real or pretend?"

"God is real."

"Then what does he look like?"

"It's hard to say. God isn't exactly like your daddy, or anybody else you know. God is a power of life. He is around each of us—you and me, your friends—around everybody. And he's *in* us."

"But I can't see him!" Not defiantly, but with a trace of desperation.

"No," I admitted matter-of-factly.

"If you can't see him, then he's pretend!"

"Some things you can't see or touch are real, darling. For instance, you know your daddy and I love you very, very much, don't you?"

"Sure."

"But you can't see or touch our love."

The quiet was broken by his bunching up his pillow.

"Mother . . ."

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you worry about dying, and things like that?"

"Of course not," I said in a cheerful tone. "When I was little, like you, I did, once in a while. But I'm a grownup now, so I can see that it will be all right."

His sigh was faint.

"About the spirit, Mother—are you *sure* it doesn't die?"

"I'm sure."

He curled an arm under his pillow. "Good night, Mother."

"I'll tuck you in again, dear."

"You don't need to—I can do it myself." —ADRIENNE RICHARD

ological views, which are liberal Roman Catholic, and all mature readers will be challenged by their insistence on the centrality of love as the criterion for moral decisions. An annotated bibliography makes valuable suggestions for further reading.

"Be all you *can* be. Read."

I asked a young and very bright co-worker what she thought of that slogan for National Library Week, which will be celebrated April 21-27. She read it, thought about it briefly,

and said: "If I were going to try to be all I can be, I think I'd do other things more than read."

At times I am with her. But whenever I drop in at the public library, I keep coming upon books I would like to remind you of. So if you are older than my young friend and can't get around to those "other things," do try reading.

Articles on pages 20 and 23 of this month's *TOGETHER* throw some much-needed light into the hazy and diffi-

cult area of conscientious objection. For further reading, there is *The Pacifist Conscience* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$7.95), edited by Peter Mayer, and *The Essays of A. J. Muste* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.50), edited by Nat Hentoff.

Mayer began doing intensive reading on war and peace during his second tour of Army duty, and the peace plans and testimonies in *The Pacifist Conscience* come from diverse thinkers in diverse times, from Buddha to Martin Luther King, Jr.

A. J. Muste, who died in 1967, was a doughty crusader for pacifism, and those who know of this American minister only in terms of civil disobedience know only a small measure of the man, who did not hesitate to commit his life to unpopular causes.

"Pity has escaped the soul of this city's people. You can buy pity from them; but they will never give it to you. And that is the unhappiness of Saigon. . . .

"Men talked about fighting Communism when they were safely enough away from the front lines. Nobody talked about Communism where there was shooting and killing. It wasn't clear where the danger was or what we were trying to save—except our own lives. . . .

"Vietnam provides an arena for power plays, and by that token it is like the Spanish Civil War all over again for the great atomic powers . . . American presence in Vietnam means that Peking is bound to be hurt in any future war. This is what I think the Vietnam war is all about."

Dean Brelis' text for *The Face of South Vietnam* (Houghton Mifflin, \$10) has the blunt, frustrated fury of off-the-record conversations between topflight reporters. It seldom appears on paper. Thus, this book would be an exceptional close-up even without the more than 100 excellent black and white pictures by Jill Kremenetz that follow the text.

The portrait is of war, its sights and smells and sounds, the men who fight it, and the people caught in its path. Brelis was there from August, 1965, to August, 1966, as a correspondent for NBC News; Miss Kremenetz went there as a free-lance photographer. They worked separately but knew each other's work and decided that bringing their reports together would give a wider and deeper dimension to their separate views. The combination provides a powerful insight into the war the United States never really meant to get into and now doesn't know how to get out of.

Although the Civil War has been

## Take a good look at your church!

### YESTERDAY

#### A DEVOTIONAL TREASURY FROM THE EARLY CHURCH

Compiled by Georgia Harkness. A collection of carefully selected devotional excerpts from the rich treasure house of early Christian writings. Sources include: First Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Didache, Second Clement, and the Odes of Solomon. 160 pages. \$3.50

#### THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE A History

James Penn Pilkington. Volume I (to 1870) of a complete two-volume history of The Methodist Publishing House—one of the oldest continuously operated businesses in the United States—in context with events of American history. Illustrated. 608 pages. \$7.50

### TODAY

#### SIX DAYS—AND SUNDAY

Dow Kirkpatrick. In this bold and challenging book, the man in the pew confronts the man in the pulpit. Here in detail is a realistic account of one minister's efforts to achieve meaningful two-way communication between six days and Sunday—between his laymen and himself. 160 pages. Paper, \$1.95

### TOMORROW

#### TOMORROW'S CHURCH: A COSMOPOLITAN COMMUNITY

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over for 103 years, and the centennial celebration ended almost 3 years ago, the flow of books about the war and its leaders continues. Recent are a biography of Robert E. Lee, a collection of Jefferson Davis' letters, and the first of 15 volumes of Ulysses S. Grant's papers.

In her two-volume biography of Lee, Margaret Sanborn tries to endow the leader of the Confederate Army with human warmth by subverting the military man to the family man. New or previously unused material helps achieve this different portrait of an exuberant youth, devoted husband, gay father, and humanitarian. But, as once was said of his father, Gen. "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, Robert E. Lee "cannot cease to be a soldier."

The first volume, *Robert E. Lee—A Portrait: 1807-1861* (Lippincott, \$7.95) brings the boy and maturing career soldier to the brink of the Civil War. Volume two, *Robert E. Lee—The Complete Man: 1861-1870* (Lippincott, \$8.95), deals with the military leader (but not with detailed battle action) and the educator. Boxed together, the two volumes are \$16.50.

*Jefferson Davis: Private Letters, 1823-1889* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$7.50) is an authoritative revelation of the Confederate president from age 15 to his death at 81. Included are exchanges between Davis and his wife, and letters from friends. These were selected and edited by Hudson Strode.

*The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant, Volume I: 1837-1861* (Southern Illinois University Press, \$15) reveals a man who was less mysterious and more human than historians usually picture him. This first volume in the proposed series, edited by John Y. Simon, is well conceived, well edited, and excellently keyed.

William Styron made a good try in *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, \$6.95), but I don't think he got inside the skin of the man who led six fellow slaves in a bloody revolt against Virginia plantation owners. If the theme had not been so timely, I doubt if the book would ever have made the best-seller lists.

Overshadowed by the success of Styron's book, but vastly superior to it is *The African* (Crown, \$5.95), by Harold Courlander. This novel tells the story of Wes Hunu, captured in a slave raid and shipped off to America. There is a shipwreck, and the captives make a last-ditch fight for freedom in the mountain forests of St. Lucia. Finally, they are recaptured and Wes is sold to a Georgia plantation owner. Later he escapes into the wilderness,

an escape that leads him to an island sanctuary for escaped slaves and to a beleaguered Indian village. Courlander's understanding of the transition from freeman to captive to slave makes this book unique, and in its straightforward telling it lays forth the whole perverted tragedy of slavery.

For a thousand years explorers and adventurers braved hunger, cold, and unknown dangers trying to be first at the North Pole. *The Polar Passion* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$15) gives

us some of their rare journals, along with records of earlier arctic adventures.

Canadian author Farley Mowat, who selected and edited the records for this handsome book, wants to destroy the myth that the northlands are inimical and useless to modern man. Man, he says, even without technological armor, is the most adaptable of animals, and no environment on earth is hostile enough to keep him from seeking his destiny there. The Soviets, he points out, already have

## "be specific!"

is not always good advice

Today it's wiser to be general.

When the world spun more slowly, and political change was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, those who purchased annuities for lifetime income could safely elect specific mission projects to benefit after their deaths. One could designate \$2,000 to build a clinic in Borneo or \$5,000 for a church in Rhodesia, and rejoice that after

death his Christian stewardship would be perpetuated just as he had planned.

Today, the upheavals of independence and national self-determination frequently make it impossible for such specific projects to be carried out. The wise annuitant selects a **field of service**, and leaves the specifics in the hands of the astute administrators of the World Division.



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ught; speak the word,  
t stand: 2<sup>for</sup> 1 Job 5:12  
2 Ps 40: 7  
Isa 9: 6

LORD spake thus to me  
Actual type sample

built great cities north of the Arctic Circle, and large numbers of people are living and working even beyond the shelter of these cities. As population pressures increase, North Americans, too, will have to move into the frozen upper reaches of our continent, he predicts, and he is confident we can do it.

I thought one of the most interesting parts of *The Polar Passion* was the saga of Thorgisl Orrabeinsfostri, who set out from Iceland for Greenland in 997 with his family and some friends. Thorgisl had been a priest of Thor until Christian missionaries had converted him, and the saga goes that Thor visited repeated catastrophes on him because he kept refusing to give up his Christian God. He did reach Greenland, but his old friend Erik the Red was not very cordial when he discovered Thorgisl was no longer a pagan, and finally Thorgisl made the return voyage to Iceland. There apparently Thor gave up tormenting him, and Thorgisl lived prosperously until he died at the age of 85.

Writer Laurens van der Post and photographer Burt Glinn traveled separately through the Soviet Union, but it is a unified view they give us in *A Portrait of All the Russias* (Morrow, \$12.50).

This is a book that could have been titled a portrait of many Russians for it is centered in encounters with people. An unsmiling, melancholy-looking people the author found, but people with great capacity for laughter. The "ugliness" of the world they are building for themselves seemed equally paradoxical to him because it contrasts so sharply with the delicacy, tenderness, and sensitivity revealed in conversations with Russians he came to know.

The young, he believes, are intensely patriotic, but more and more are turning their faces toward European ways. He thinks Russian scientists and technologists are finding it hard to subordinate their work to Marxist-Leninist doctrine. And in the new intellectual world of painters, writers, and artists, he found people having their own ideas of their duty to their art. Yet when he boarded the British Comet that was to take him from Russia: "I felt so much lighter that I was almost giddy, as with lack of ballast. Until that moment I had not known what a weight in my spirit had been the Soviet system."

Not very many people knew Hungarian-born Theodore von Karman's name during his lifetime, but the flight of every airplane and the blast-off of every rocket reflect his genius.

He did pioneering work on Zeppelins, gliders, and the monoplane in Germany, where he was educated. After coming to the United States in 1930 to work and teach at the California Institute of Technology, his interest in rocketry led to the birth of the jet propulsion laboratory and Aerojet-General Corporation, and his projections for the future of aeronautics and astronautics became the blueprint for development of the U.S. Air Force in the forties and fifties.

When he died in 1963, at the age of 81, Von Karman was writing his autobiography. Completed by Lee Edson, *The Wind and Beyond* (Little, Brown, \$10) encompasses the entire history of flight.

Contrary to the view that the machine is the central fact of human life today, philosopher Lewis Mumford says man himself has been central from the beginning, and still is.

He examines the course of human development from man's earliest days to the threshold of the modern world in *The Myth of the Machine* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$8.95). In answer to the theory that man owes his rise to his ability to develop tools and conquer nature, he says tools themselves could not have developed without a more significant series of inventions in ritual, language, and social organization.

There is an interesting chapter on ritual, taboo, and morals. Mumford believes our civilization is relapsing into a state far more primitive and irrational than any taboo-ridden society now known because we no longer have any effective taboos:

"We are now faced with juvenile delinquents who have no inner check against wantonly assaulting other human beings at random 'for kicks' while we have adult delinquents capable of deliberately planning the extermination of tens of millions of human beings, in carrying out, also doubtless for kicks, a mathematical theory of games. . . . If Western man could establish an inviolate taboo against random extermination, our society would enjoy a far more effective safeguard against both private violence and still impending collective nuclear horrors than the United Nations or the fallible mechanisms of Fail-Safe."

In *The Eyewitness* (Abingdon, \$4.50), Mary Ronalds writes of the ministry of Jesus as it might have been seen by the apostle John. Readers in their early teens will feel a kinship with the disciple who was not much older than they when he and his brother James left home to follow their Master.

—BARNABAS





# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IN WHAT will probably be a vain attempt to impress you, I remind you that I am authorized to speak about a movie from time to time in this column. We do not attend them too often largely because I have so few evenings free. However, the other night I went to see **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER** starring the late Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn. The other leading character is Katharine Houghton and, with excellent supporting people, it was a good cast.

I have presumed always that Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn were without peers, and the other night only confirmed this assumption. Of course, Sidney Poitier is well known because of his sensitive portrayal of a Negro in our society in so many different and difficult situations.

This story briefly is about a white girl who comes home from a Hawaiian vacation engaged to a Negro, a topflight doctor. He has been married before and his wife's death a few years previous has left its tragic mark on him. The young lady is the daughter of a crusading San Francisco publisher who has been famous for his liberal stands on all social matters.

The girl believes there will be no problems with her folks about an interracial marriage. She is very naïve, but she knows of their long fight for liberal causes. She is somewhat nonplussed at the way both her mother and father are left speechless for a time when they realize that she is asking them to accept this man as her husband and a member of the family. Then, to make things more exciting, the young man talks to his parents in Los Angeles on the telephone, and his fiancée invites them to fly to San Francisco and have dinner with them that evening. This is the situation the picture deals with, offering its insights and interpretations.

When the Negro man's father and mother arrive, it is apparent that they are just as shocked and troubled as are the girl's parents. They are no more anxious for their son to marry

a white girl than are her parents for her to marry a Negro. Each parent in his or her own way tries to discourage the marriage or, at least, postpone it. All the efforts are in vain for the doctor has to leave that night for New York and then fly overseas. The couple logically decides they might as well leave that evening on their honeymoon.

The only one who seems enthusiastic about the situation is the Catholic priest, a close friend of Spencer Tracy, who comes to see why Tracy has canceled a golf appointment. He then invites himself to dinner and he seems to be the only one who believes good will come from the marriage.

I have been one of those who have felt for some time that we ought not to drag in interracial marriage when we are trying to deal with the problem of civil rights. This has been too often the red herring which the segregationists have used with great emotional effect. I do not believe that this is one of the primary problems facing the men of goodwill who believe that each citizen of the United States should have an equal opportunity and be granted equal dignity in his person. I suppose, however, that this may be more of a real problem in the future than it is now and that it brings to a sharp focus some of the more general issues involved in civil rights for all.

I left the theater with a sense of satisfaction that Columbia Pictures and Stanley Kramer, the director-producer, had dared deal with this problem head on and in a most satisfactory way. No modern parents will look at it without putting themselves

into the position of the white father and mother and the black father and mother. It is true, I think, that we can be very tolerant when it comes to dealing with generalities, but it does not often work that way when the issue becomes specific and personal. Suddenly we know how important a role prejudice plays in our attitudes, and some of us are aware of a fundamental hypocrisy in what we have been preaching and writing.

I have had to say to young couples who contemplated service in Hawaii that they must face up honestly to their feeling about interracial marriage because the islands are a friendly environment for this happening. If people are not able to accept a son-in-law or a daughter-in-law of another race without emotional upset, they had better serve the church in another place. I have known only one or two couples who have changed their minds after I have made this clear to them. But it is the kind of question this picture forces every parent to ask.

What a long way we have come since the racial revolution began in America. What tremendous progress we have made in recognizing the American Negro's long overdue status as a free American citizen. And what a long way we have to go! This picture makes that clear enough and it also helps us to understand why so many Negro young people are rebellious and angry. God grant that this revolution may not end too soon and be satisfied with too limited achievements. And I pray that God may grant Christians the privilege to play the decisive role in the American achievement of the death of racism and the birth of real brotherhood.

There were a few things in this picture I did not like. It seemed to me, for instance, that profanity was used in an unnatural way. It would be a good thing for you to see the picture. Even if it makes you mad, it will still be a good thing. Sometimes a man's anger is the beginning of a more honest searching of his own soul. I speak, dear friends, from personal experience. □

## SUCCESS STORY

Judging by numerous cases,  
I'd say this deduction is right—  
The man who's most apt to go places  
Doesn't at night.

—Hal Chadwick



# IS YOUR CHURCH ADEQUATELY INSURED?

By RICHARD C. BJORKLUND

IT WAS 7:35 on the evening of Palm Sunday when a telephone call interrupted evening worship services at the Alto Methodist Church near Kokomo, Ind.

About 150 parishioners were listening to the sermon of the Rev. Herman E. Surber when the caller shouted into the phone that he had sighted a tornado moving in the direction of the church. The member who had answered the phone immediately announced: "Would everyone please move to the basement—quickly!"

Less than a minute after the last churchgoer had filed down the

stairs, the tornado struck. It picked up the church roof and dropped it onto the parking lot. Damage to the building exceeded \$50,000. The nearby parsonage was a total loss, but there were no injuries.

Today the Alto Methodist Church has been rebuilt. Damages to the church were fully covered by a mutual insurance fire and extended coverage policy. In this respect, the Alto church fared far better than most of the scores of Midwestern churches damaged or destroyed by 28 tornadoes which hit on that Palm Sunday, 1965.

The tornadoes demonstrated anew that many churches are still the most underinsured institutions in town. But they also revealed

progress by many church groups in trying to erase that reputation.

Gaps in church-property insurance programs may widen as houses of worship become increasingly expensive. New church construction now costs nearly \$1 billion annually, and additional millions are spent expanding and renovating existing edifices. Liability insurance becomes increasingly important to religious bodies as church membership grows and as our houses of worship take on new functions as community centers.

Fire, for a number of reasons, is an ever-present threat to churches. Age alone makes many of them vulnerable. Their design usually includes large undivided spaces that

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permit rapid fire spread. Many churches have burned because electrical work and other critical maintenance jobs were done by do-it-yourselfers in the congregations. Others were destroyed after misguided municipal officials ignored building-code violations.

Once started, church fires usually cause heavy damage because of delayed detection. Few churches are protected by automatic sprinklers or heat-detection devices.

Arsonists, often juveniles or demented bigots, have made ashes of a number of houses of worship. Prowlers who tried to open the safe of a Christian Science Church in Peoria, Ill., set a \$400,000 fire to cover their tracks. One church insurance company president reports, "Ten years ago arson was practically unknown. But in each of the past five years we have had a major church arson loss, with claims ranging from \$55,000 to \$86,000."

The National Fire Protection Association (NFPA) points out that losses in church fires could be held down if church buildings were properly maintained and equipped with fire-protection devices. NFPA recommendations include professional engineering reviews of all church buildings for structural defects; installation of automatic sprinklers, heat-detection systems and fire extinguishers, and a review of public fire protection available.

The Indiana Council of Churches and many other groups throughout the country are stressing to their member churches the need for adequate insurance coverages. They are being aided in this effort by insurance company employees and agents, both professionally and as individual members of congregations. An executive of one insurance company said:

"We have tried to impress on all those who are interested in the welfare of our churches to realize the serious consequences which might grow out of failure to keep all church properties adequately and safely insured. Church trustees are morally responsible to see that this is done."

Church leaders who feel their edifice is adequately insured would still be wise to review their coverages each year. Replacement costs

have been rising steadily. A church built just prior to World War II for \$100,000 would cost more than \$300,000 to build today.

Today many churches are turning to the public and institutional property plan (PIP) with a replacement cost endorsement attached. This automatically requires insurance of not less than 90 percent of value. Church properties that meet the plan's requirements can receive reductions of as much as 25 percent on fire rates and up to 40 percent on extended coverage and vandalism rates.

Features of the PIP plan include a \$100 deductible per building on all losses other than those caused by fire and lightning. However, if there are several buildings, the total deductible is limited to \$1,000 for any one occurrence. A regular inspection program also is part of the plan in which the churches must comply with reasonable recommendations to lessen fire hazards. The PIP plan is popular with larger churches, since the minimum annual premium is \$500.

However, good insurance programs can be devised for churches of all sizes. Experts agree that basic protection for any church should begin with fire insurance, with an extended-coverage and vandalism and malicious-mischief endorsement providing insurance of at least 80 percent of replacement value. This provides insurance for all direct losses or damages from fire, lightning, windstorm, explosion, riot, smoke, vandalism, and malicious mischief.

In addition to basic fire and general liability coverages in adequate amounts, churches need insurance protection against burglary, boiler explosions, embezzlement by church officials, and damage to or disappearance of equipment.

Another essential insurance is extra expense coverage, which pays the extra costs necessary to resume services and church-school classes after a mishap.

Because they are often left open and unattended, churches are subject to thefts and burglaries. Insurance for such losses is available and covers loss of church money and property.

Churches which hire employees

need workmen's compensation coverages protecting the employees and the church against loss caused by work-connected injuries. Fine arts and property floaters, along with all-risk policies, also are available to cover stained-glass windows, musical instruments, movie projectors, and other valuable items. Comprehensive glass policies provide protection against glass breakage.

These are the important coverages that trustees should consider when formulating an insurance program for any church. The time they spend making certain that a church is adequately insured helps safeguard members and the community from future hardships.

Another coverage needed today more than ever before is public liability insurance. In years past, many courts considered churches free from personal-injury liability or property-damage claims. That immunity is fast disappearing.

One California church paid a judgment of \$41,000 for injury to a 14-year-old member of the church's summer Bible class who was being driven by a volunteer worker to a nearby playground for church-sponsored athletic events. In New York, a \$14,000 judgment was awarded an elderly woman who tripped and broke her hip on a concrete walk in a church-owned cemetery.

Public liability insurance protects churches from such accident suits and claims by paying for first aid, conducting accident investigations, paying court costs, and any judgment up to the policy limits.

The importance of insurance for the nation's churches might best be summed up by comments from two clergymen in the wake of the Palm Sunday tornadoes two years ago.

The pastor of a less fortunate congregation reported:

"Many of the people who would normally help were hit and hit hard themselves. It has taken something out of them. They don't want to invest a penny in the church."

By contrast, a minister whose lay members were prepared for just such a disaster was able to say:

"The damage from the tornado is fully insured. We plan to begin rebuilding immediately." □



Together with the Small Fry

# John's Special Day





JOHN'S third-grade class huddled together on the playground after school.

"All right," said Sally, the class president. "We're all agreed on a surprise party for Miss Brown on Friday?"

"Yes!" the children nodded excitedly.

"We'll sure miss her," said Jane.

Friday was the end of the semester and Miss Brown's last day at Lincoln School. She was going to be married and was moving to another town where her future husband worked.

After the meeting, John raced home to tell his mother.

"We're each going to give her a going-away present," he said. "She's such a good teacher, I want to give her something special."

"I know you do," said his mother. "But I'm afraid you're going to have to buy the gift with your own money. I can't help you right now." Dejectedly John said, "But, I only have a quarter."

"I know," replied his mother. "You'll just have to do the best you can."

That night as he lay in bed, John worried about the party on Friday. He knew the other students would give expensive gifts. Sally had told him she was going to give Miss Brown a comb and brush set. What would Miss Brown think if he didn't give her anything?

In the dim light coming from the hall, John watched his dog, Sootie, enter the room and curl up on the rug in the corner. Suddenly John had an idea. He thought about it for a while and, smiling, fell asleep.

The next day after school, John searched for Sootie. Hardly more than a puppy, Sootie just loved people. Many times, Miss Brown stopped on her way home to play with Sootie. She always said he was the nicest dog she had seen.

"Sootie," called John. "Come here. I need you to help me."

He and Sootie stayed in the basement until just before dinner. When they finally bounded up the stairs, John looked very pleased and Sootie barked excitedly.

The day of the party passed quickly and, as planned, Miss Brown was called out of the room at two o'clock. As soon as she was gone, the children scurried to her desk and heaped it with presents. There was muffled whispering and outbreaks of laughter as they got ready for the party.

"Surprise!" they shouted as Miss Brown returned to the classroom.

"Oh! This is wonderful," said Miss Brown, a little bewildered.

"We wanted you to know we'll miss you," said Sally.

Miss Brown thanked them and started to open the presents. The first gift was the comb and brush set which Sally had given her.

"How very nice," said Miss Brown. Then she opened the other gaily wrapped packages. One student gave her a box of pale pink stationery, another some lovely scented dusting powder. The children crowded closer to watch delightedly as she opened her gifts.

The last present to be opened was John's. She unwrapped it carefully and smiled as she showed it to the rest of the class. It was a painting of Sootie which John had done by himself. In the corner, just under the words "good luck," was a smudged paw print.

"What a splendid surprise," Miss Brown said looking at them all. "Thank you for your gifts."

The boys and girls, pleased with the success of their party, said good-bye as they left.

As John started to go, Miss Brown called to him.

"Would you come here a minute, John?" asked Miss Brown. "You know, I received some beautiful presents today. But I think yours is very special. I'm glad it's something you made for me yourself. I'll keep it in my new home and it will remind me of you and Sootie, and this wonderful class."

"I'm glad you like it," said John, not quite able to look at her.

As he left, he felt very proud that his gift, out of all the others, had been something special.

—MARTIN TONN



## Make a Bank

ARE YOU saving money for a special occasion—someone's birthday or maybe Mother's Day which is coming up next month? If you have such an occasion in mind, why not make a "Saving Face" bank especially for those savings?

Find two large paper cups of the same size and tape the rims together, leaving about an inch untaped so the coins can be slipped inside. Decoration of the bank is up to you. It could be made into a funny face with the slot for a mouth, or you could decorate it with flowers and birds to remind you that spring is near.

—Ida M. Pardue

## A Spring Thank-You

Thank you, dear Father,  
for the spring,  
The shining newness  
of each thing,  
Flowers and trees  
and grass and birds,  
And Easter with  
its happy words.  
Thank you for letting  
me take part;  
Thank you for springtime  
in my heart.

—Margaret Hillert



# Letters

## Leading Down Wrong Road

THOMAS F. CHRISTY

Laurel, Md.

I am unable to find words sufficient to express my dismay upon reading your editorial *The Great Depression* [January, page 17]. Although many statements in it deserve rebuttal, I will limit myself to one: the idea that our society is being threatened by "inflamed appeals for law and order at any cost, even the cost of justice and human dignity."

The editorial writer should reflect more carefully upon the consequences of reduced adherence to law and order and its effect upon the less-privileged members of society. These people are the first to suffer at the hands of the minority in their midst which has become a law unto itself. It is only with diligent enforcement of the law that these people can receive the protection and security they need to improve their lot in life.

The lawless minority has shown itself to be unconcerned with the right of those around them to justice and human dignity. Indeed, they seem concerned only with the gratification of their desires, regardless of those they trample underfoot. This behavior will be tolerated by the majority only so long as it remains a minor irritation rather than a significant threat.

Perhaps the writer would like to rethink his proposals. He is leading the less fortunate down the road to destruction rather than the one which leads to improvement.

## No Aid to Law Enforcement

JOHN SCUDDER

Vevay, Ind.

As a Methodist layman and a full-time police officer, I must respond to statements made in your editorial *The Great Depression*.

One of the most trying things about law enforcement in these times is the flood of editorial comment on the supposedly "terrible" behavior of "brutal" police officers. I find it difficult to have faith in the leaders of my church when I read of "senseless beatings of peaceful demonstrators" on the editorial pages of *TOGETHER* magazine without

any qualifying statements whatever.

Many of the magazine comments like this one of *TOGETHER's* are made with little actual knowledge of the subject. The writers somehow seem to feel that the way to be a champion of the down-trodden is to make impassioned comments on the awful plight of these poor "peaceful" demonstrators.

I believe in the right of any person, no matter what his race or creed, to be free to worship his God, to have freedom to travel, or to do those things he wishes as long as he respects the rights of others to do likewise. I do not recognize the right of any person to violate laws that have been enacted legally. This applies to your "peaceful" demonstrators or to members of the clergy who have been in the forefront of some of these violent occurrences. I find it hard to believe that the saving grace of Jesus Christ is being made evident in such actions.

## 'Contrary to Christian Principle'

GEORGE F. PLATTS

Wayne, Pa.

In your editorial *The Great Depression*, appears the line, "Remember the New Deal of the early 1930s? It was a revolutionary response to crisis, and it worked."

I have attended church and Sunday school all my life, have taught classes, have served on commissions, official



"I like the part where they pass the money around."

boards, and boards of trustees, and have contributed both gifts and service to the church. I believe that Christianity demands of individuals a responsibility for our brethren and an outpouring of our love for them, of whatever race, creed, or color.

I contend that the New Deal and all succeeding "deals" have gone contrary to every Christian principle. The results have been:

1. The degradation of the character of those made subject to government handouts.

2. The fostering of idleness by making it more attractive than productive work for those weakened by politically inspired largess.

3. The encouragement, even the rewarding, of illegitimate births.

4. The depriving of an honest worker of the fruits of his toils to support an increasingly depraved generation of parasites.

5. The outrageous promises of more and better material benefits to minority groups—promises so impossible of fulfillment that the putative beneficiaries have rioted, burned, and looted in their frustration.

Where in all this is there anything of the divine inspiration and teachings of Jesus, our Savior and Lord?

## Christ's Way Involves Action

DOROTHY C. BAILEY

Lake Placid, Fla.

I cannot understand the thinking in the letter titled *Just a 'World' Magazine* [January, page 67]. I quote the writer: "We're not to go out and patch up the world, but lead others to Christ!"

Just what is leading others to Christ if it isn't leading them in his way, and what was his way but to bring peace on earth? Surely that involves much social action.

It makes me doubt if we can be Christians and kill other human beings. I cannot imagine Christ dropping napalm on anyone. He said, "Overcome evil with good." He never used bad means to try to achieve good ends.

To me, confessing Christ means following in his ways, else such confession is hypocrisy.

## Where Is the Inspiration?

MRS. RUSSELL McHATTON

Winchester, Ind.

After Billy Graham's crusade in Japan, the statement was made that "the Japanese crusade was proof that the people of Japan are not seeking an intellectual or theological Christianity but a spiritual Christianity—a simple presentation of the Gospel."

I believe the same thing can be said of the readers of *TOGETHER*.

In these days of stress and strain we



don't need so much to be educated as we need to be given inspiration and encouragement to meet our problems. Yet, as I read the February issue of the magazine, I am amazed at the space given to articles about industry, Viet Nam, movies, school dropouts, new books, and photography. Are these supposed to give us inspiration for Christian living?

I depend much on my religious magazines, but I deeply regret that *TOGETHER* and *Christian Herald* have gone sophisticated and "far out" and no longer furnish food for the soul. My little *Guideposts* magazine, along with my Bible, is all I can depend on any more to give me a lift and inspire me for better effort.

I want to like our magazine and I regret to offer these criticisms.

### Show Life as It Is

MRS. DEL R. LAUGHLIN  
Superior, Wis.

I don't often write letters to editors, but I feel I must now. I have been reading, with some amusement and more amazement, the letters regarding your covers. I feel it is unfair to compare *TOGETHER's* covers with those of other religious magazines. Perhaps the aims of *TOGETHER* as well as its editorial policies should be examined before judging its cover art as either "very good" or "horrible."

I for one am very grateful that *TOGETHER* sees—and shows—life as it is, not as the editors wish it were. This comment covers the entire content, even the cartoons that deal with frustrated parents and childish innocence and teen-agers' bewildered searchings and terrible honesty.

I don't always agree with everything I read in *TOGETHER*. Nor do I always applaud the art. I do, however, thank God that I can read it, agree or disagree, like or dislike, never feeling that if I disagree or dislike there is something wrong with me.

I'm glad I'm a Methodist with all the freedom I believe God meant me to have and use. He gave me a mind to use, and if not to read, see, think, digest, and either assimilate or disregard, then for what?

Thanks very much for giving my mind food for thought.

### 'Green Power' an Unworthy Tool

DAVID W. HERB  
Branchville, N.J.

I was disturbed by the news article *Board Fights Apartheid With Green Power* [December, 1967, page 9]. As a member of the Christian social concerns commission of my church, I am definitely opposed to apartheid. Why, then, should I object to the action

taken by our own Board of Missions?

I object to the principle behind this move, namely the use of our church's vast economic resources as a financial club to achieve goals which seem unattainable any other way. Such financial blackmail is unworthy of the church.

As the ecumenical movement progresses and more churches merge, this danger will increase as both the resources and the temptation to use them in this way become greater. Let us never forget that the lowest points in human freedom and the highest points in church corruption existed during the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance when the church had the economic and political power to unseat kings and sway empires.

As a layman, I resent having my benevolence money used without my consent as a tool in power politics. I consider it a violation of trust.

### 'Good Riddance,' He Says

OSCAR L. ATTEBERRY  
Anderson, Ind.

I noticed in the February issue of *TOGETHER* that *Concern*, the magazine published by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, was to suspend publication with its February 1 issue. [See *Social Concerns Magazine to Cease Publication*, February, page 12].

I wish to express my thanks to the church's Co-ordinating Council for this action. This is truly good riddance of bad rubbish.

### 'Prophetic Voice' a Discomfort?

MRS. G. DONALD SMITH, *Chairman*  
*Commission on Christian Social Concerns*  
Simpson Methodist Church  
Pullman, Wash.

Our commission on Christian social concerns wants to register its displeasure with the decision of the Co-ordinating Council that *Concern* magazine cease publication. The value of this magazine to our understanding of significant social problems and to a sense of the mission of the church to the wider community is inestimable.

After reading the record of General Conference discussion on the "periodicals issue" in the General Conference *Journal* for May 8, 1964, we do not feel that "satisfactory arrangement has been effected for the coverage of the essential message of Christian social concerns now carried in *Concern*."

No such in-depth discussion of social concerns is taking place in any of the Methodist journals, although *TOGETHER* and *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* are both dealing responsibly with the total church-world concern. We are therefore unhappy with the Co-ordinating Council

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## Church Steeple—Plus

A STRANGER, on entering the hamlet of Milton Mills, N.H., soon notices that one church steeple rising over the village roofs differs from other New England churches.

Glistening atop the white spire which tops the tower of the Methodist Church is a golden hand, pointing heavenward.

The story behind this carved wooden hand is that of the devotion of one Aratus Shaw, a carpenter.

The original church was built in 1872 by a handful of men whose every hour of labor—and there were many—was a sacrifice from their own chores. When harvest-time came that year, they had to devote full time to their fields, leaving the carpenter to carry on. But Shaw was determined to complete the church before winter.

Working every moment he could spare from his livelihood, he first fashioned the pews. Then seeking

something to symbolize the devotion of the church's founders, he began to carve what could be described as "the right hand of God."

Though not especially skilled in that art, the carpenter produced a clenched right hand, its forefinger pointing upward. An excellent piece of workmanship, the hand measures 20 inches around the wrist and 34 inches around the knuckles. The thumb is 8 inches long, the extended index finger 11 inches.

At first the hand was covered with gold leaf as a gift from Asa A. Fox, one of the early members of the church. In subsequent years, the gold was covered by white paint. But when the church was last remodeled, the hand was restored to its original gold finish.

So it remains today, a glistening symbol of faith atop the steeple of the Methodist Church at Milton Mills.

—JESSIE S. COLE

for its request and with the Board of Christian Social Concerns for having "elected to comply." We do not feel that the General Conference of 1964 required *Concern* to cease its existence.

We are doubly concerned with this turn of events at a time when the church's dealing with social issues is under fire. The timing of the Co-ordinating Council's request makes it appear that it is the discomfort which a prophetic voice brings to church people that is behind this move.

We hope The Methodist Church will not force us to turn to the publications of other denominations to be nurtured in the area of Christian social concerns. But the decision seems to point us in that direction.

### 'Big Step Backward'

MRS. ED UMPHRES  
Creve Coeur, Mo.

I am most distressed that the Methodist Co-ordinating Council has seen fit to discontinue *Concern* magazine. I frequently have been in disagreement with some of the stands taken by this magazine, but I have been proud that Methodism has had a voice able to speak out loud and clear on Christian social concerns.

Other church magazines need to carry more on this subject for somehow it is not getting over to the man in the pew. Many local churches do not even have a commission on Christian social concerns, and many that do are totally inactive. I am getting rather disillusioned with all the emphasis on finances and membership and building programs while the basic Christian ideal of concern for one's fellowmen takes a back seat.

The end of *Concern* is a big step backward, and I can't help feeling that the old fogies of conservatism have won out—the ones who always want to talk about the Gospel when something comes up that really challenges them to think or do differently.

Somehow I can't picture *TOGETHER* running the frank and startling articles which *Concern* has published on race relationships, homosexuality, abortion, war, and other subjects; but I hope you will for you could reach many people who just tuned *Concern* out or never knew it existed.

### One of the 500—Until Now

MRS. W. C. ALLISON  
McAlester, Okla.

This afternoon's mail brought the February issue of *TOGETHER*, and I have just read *After-Hour Jottings* [page 3]. I am one of the 500 readers you talked about who always "intends to write" when there is something in the magazine especially to my liking. Until now



I have never gotten around to writing. The last time was when I intended to write about the very beautiful prayer by Max Ehrmann and the accompanying picture, *Grace*, by Enstrom [January, page 1]. We invited friends in for Christmas dinner, and we used this prayer for our grace. Thank you so much for sharing it with us.

I am wondering if there is any possibility that the poem and picture may be made up for framing.

**TOGETHER** has no plan to reprint the prayer and picture as a unit. However, prints of Enstrom's picture are available from Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers in 10 x 13-inch size at \$2 and 16 x 21-inch size at \$3. The smaller print, already framed is \$6.95.—EDITORS

### Thanks—Again—For Ehrmann

MRS. HOWELL B. BEAKLEY  
Brentwood, Calif.

I want to thank you for the lovely prayer by Max Ehrmann on the inside cover of **TOGETHER** for January. It, like your earlier offering of Ehrmann's *Desiderata* [January, 1966, front cover], is most beautiful.

You are certainly to be commended for the many worthwhile things your staff secures for our church magazine. It grieves me to read letters of criticism concerning some of your selections. But then, no one can please everyone. Even the Master couldn't do that.

### The Waiting Is Over

MRS. CHESTER A. GUNNARSON  
Warren, Minn.

I have waited a long time for Bishop Kennedy to review books that he also can recommend for worthwhile or enjoyable reading. He finally has done it in the February issue [see *Browsing in Fiction*, page 69].

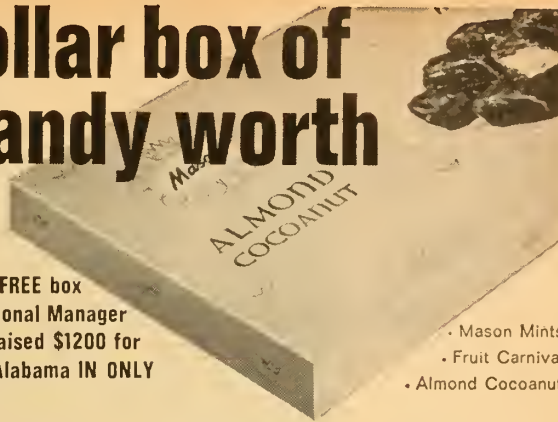
I agree with him on *The Chosen* by Chaim Potok. May he again stimulate our reading tastes.

### There Is Conflict, He Insists

FRANKLIN GROOMES  
Menlo, Iowa

I have read with interest *Alcohol Report Uncorks Temperance Tempest* [January, page 10]. I do not agree with the Rev. Thomas E. Price of our Board of Christian Social Concerns that the alcohol report in no way conflicts with the Methodist abstinence position. It is definitely biased toward greater use of alcoholic beverages and aids the advertising campaign of the liquor industry. It also aids those who would liberalize, our stand for abstinence. The movement to strike out the "legalistic prescriptions" against drinking and smoking from our *Discipline* is but a foot in

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If you have suggestions or comments for TOGETHER, send them to us through your TOGETHER Agent.

the door to destroy the high standards of Methodism.

The objection to our *Discipline* as legalistic is invalid. Speed laws are legalistic; so are traffic lights. But they are necessary to public safety just as the standards set by our *Discipline* are necessary for true Christian living.

If Mr. Price and the Board of Christian Social Concerns support the move to strike these requirements from the *Discipline*, they will do our church a great disservice. Perhaps we should elect a new board.

## Not the Way to Strengthen

BEATRICE E. McKEE  
Havensville, Kans.

I have read and reread *Alcohol Report Uncorks Temperance Tempest* by Martha Lane in the January issue.

I think our church publications should publish more about the harmful effects of alcohol instead of some of the statements in this article. I resent some of them. For one thing, I do not believe that "about 60 percent of the nation's Methodists drink at least occasionally." This definitely is not true in the church I now belong to, nor in other churches where I have been a member.

Also, I resent Mr. Price's assertion that the Methodist position of abstinence will be strengthened if the requirements presently in our *Discipline* are eliminated.

## 'Dear Man of God' Recalled

MRS. PERCY R. McMAHON  
Evanston, Ill.

The picture of your news editor Willmon White standing at the grave of Brother Van (the Rev. W. W. Van Orsdel) near Helena, Mont., brought to my mind many memories of that dear man of God. [See *After-Hour Jottings*, January, page 4.]

My late husband, upon graduation from Garrett Theological Seminary, resigned his student appointment at my home church in Lemont, Ill., to go to Harlowton, Mont., in a home-mission appointment arranged by Brother Van. His task was to provide a place of worship for eight loyal Methodist men and women, mostly homesteaders. The project was brought to completion and the membership grew. After several months, the bachelor preacher took a month's leave of absence to come back to Illinois, and we were married. It was then that Brother Van came into my life. What a saint! To me he was a 19th-century Saint Paul.

Realizing our financial problems of living on \$100 a month, he was helpful in having the mission board issue blanks for us to fill out for boxes of clothing and our many needs. These boxes, coming from missionary socie-

ties in the east, were lifesavers for us.

While my husband was in Illinois for our marriage, the Ladies Aid Society renovated the unfinished Epworth League room at the church, making it into living quarters for us. The day after we moved in, Montana had its first snowstorm of the season (September 17, 1910). It was quite an experience for me, watching the snow blow in between cracks of the unfinished floor. The potbellied stove was our only way to keep warm.

Harlowton was our headquarters while serving the churches in a 50-square mile area. We lived there 15 months, and our first child was born there. Needing more room then, we moved to Garneil where there was a parsonage, and from there to Choteau where our second child was born. There my husband built a modern parsonage to replace an old two-story log house.

It was during these experiences that Brother Van was our wall of strength and courage, always happy and hopeful. He had a boundless concern for his men, and we loved him. His beautiful Christlike spirit was a benediction.

## Viet Nam: Worth the Cost

J. DELBERT WELLS  
Jefferson City, Mo.

The questions in your opinion poll [see *The Christian and Viet Nam*, February, page 73] defy sound answers generally. Hence I would like to comment further:

No Christian is in favor of war as a means of settling rational disputes between people or nations. And every Christian should be opposed to dehumanization, slavery, murder, and oppression—and that is exactly the goal of the Communists as far as North and South Viet Nam are concerned. They are committed to a war of attrition, to see if they can make us war weary enough to go home. Then they can move in and enslave all of Viet Nam, murdering all who oppose them.

History is clear on this point. If we believe in Christianity, we believe in human dignity, freedom, and government under law. That is what we are seeking to permit South Viet Nam to have.

We have four sons. One is in the service and another soon will be.

Viet Nam is worth the cost—if we ever want to live in a world at peace. It is one of the testing grounds of communist totalitarian ideology.

Results of the poll are now being tabulated by TOGETHER and the eight other church magazines co-operating in it, and a report on the results is expected to be published in the May issue.—EDITORS



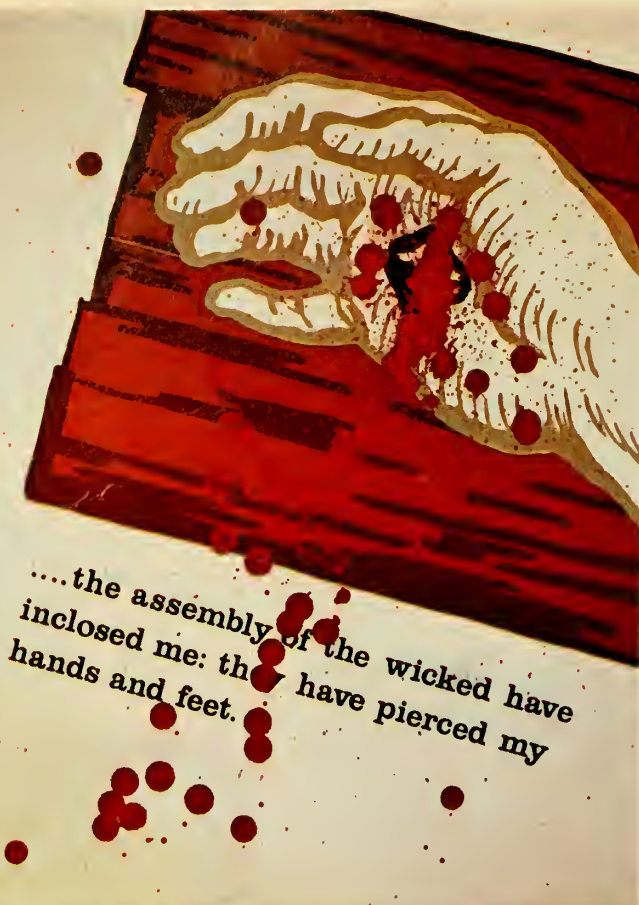


*Rhododendrons* by Robert L. Walker, Spokane, Wash.

## *The Greens of April*

GOD has made April's greens a special thing.  
 There's green so delicate and gossamer,  
 It makes a fairy cloak for ferns, or veils  
 Just thick enough to hide the fledglings' stir  
 In low-built nests. There's green so live it seems  
 To vibrate and, indeed, to sing in grass  
 That's ankle-deep in orchards, making waves  
 Whenever April's gypsy breezes pass.  
 There's green so still and deep in secret pools  
 Lost in the forest, one looks down and down  
 Into its hidden fastnesses until  
 It seems that here all turbulence must drown  
 In cool serenity...There's green so young  
 And fresh in every newly sprouted shoot,  
 It wakens tenderness within the breast  
 For this thing sprung from earth-enfolded root.  
 Oh, many-shaded April, I have seen  
 God-given beauty in your tones of green!

—Marie Daerr



# His Passion

**B**LOOD, welling from a nail-torn hand, fresh today as 2,000 years ago . . . Body, broken and flung on a field of red, streaks of light illuminating the truth exclaimed by a centurion: "Truly this man was a son of God!" . . . Our Lord on the Cross at the moment of his death, shown in reverse because he reversed himself from mortal man to everlasting Savior . . . The hand of God holding his Son safe at last, drawing him away from pain and suffering to sit at that same right hand for all Eternity . . . People, on the street of any town, ready to be his people, sins and troubles washed away by his blood, if only they will accept him . . . Christ risen, breaking through space, time, and mortality, freeing all mankind.

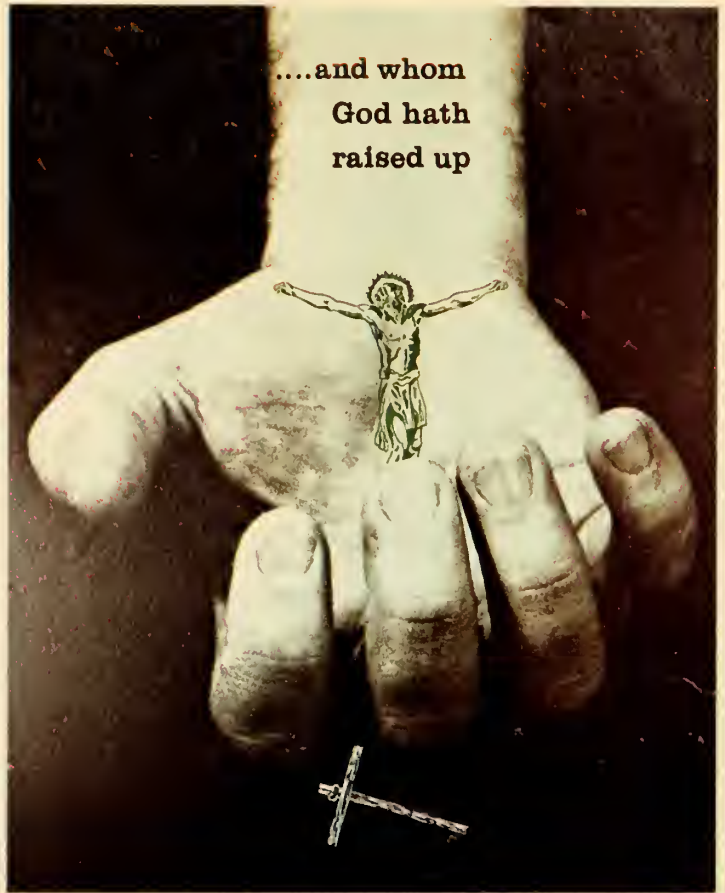
All these things appear in a remarkable set of posters created for Easter by Minneapolis graphic designer Gale William Ikola, who deliberately used modern design techniques to express his conviction: "We are not celebrating a dead religion but one that is forever applicable to our time in space." He made the posters for his mother, Mrs. Ruth Bazil of Eveleth, Minn., to be used at the 1964 Easter meeting of the Woman's Society of Christian Service at the Eveleth Methodist Church. Mrs. Bazil and Mr. Ikola's grandmother, Mrs. John Lee, presented the program. The posters since have been displayed at the Methodist and Christian churches in Eveleth and at churches in other Minnesota towns.



...and, behold, the veil of the temple was rent  
in twain from the top to the bottom.



....and whom  
God hath  
raised up



....and His blood be on us and our children



....always there was hope, because  
the universe itself is to be freed from the  
shackles of mortality.





# This is how a revolution begins.

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